THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JUNE 11, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

Personal Christianity—By Kaiser Wilhelm II

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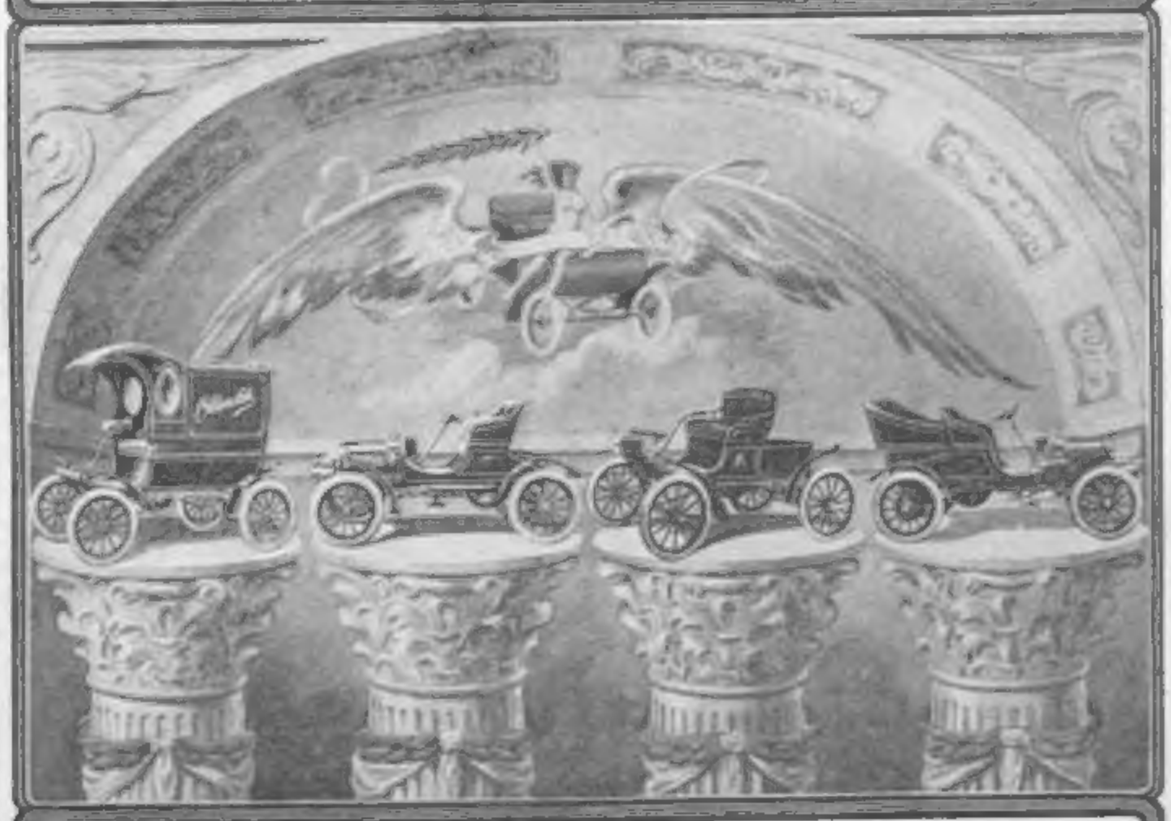

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Personal Christianity

A Special Translation Made With the Express Approval of His Majesty the German Emperor, of an Address to His Sons, the Princes August-Wilhelm and Oscar, on the Day of Their Confirmation

By Kaiser Wilhelm II

MY DEAR SONS: At the present time, in which we are about to drain our glasses to your health and to express our congratulations that you have joined us in the congregation of the Lord as men who have a fervid desire to work therein, I should like, as your father, to make a few remarks to you as to the attainment of this aim. This day, in a spiritual sense, is for you similar to the day on which the officer or the soldier takes the oath of loyalty to his colors. As Princes of the Royal House you have the privilege of wearing a uniform from the tenth year of your age. To this I desire to compare your confirmation. You are selected as fighters for Christ. With the present day you have, so to speak, come of age in your faith. The defense and weapons, as well as the armor, which you will have to use have been taught you and prepared for you by a skilled hand. Their use in all the situations of life is left to you from now on. But in this, though it will also be possible to instruct you further, remember that finally, however, every one must learn for himself how to use weapons. It is the same with the spiritual ones which are intrusted to you. I intentionally speak in a military sense, as I presume you know the beautiful parable in which the Christian is compared to a warrior, in which the weapons that the Lord has placed at his disposal are left to his choice. Certainly you will find later an opportunity to use one or the other of those weapons, and you will surely carry out what you have this day so well promised in your pledge. Your religious teacher has to-day emphasized, and quite correctly, to you the idea of what is to be expected from you—that is, that you must become "personalities." This is just the point on which, in my opinion, the most depends for a Christian in the struggle of life. For there can be no doubt whatever, when referring to the person of our Lord, we can say He has been the "most personal personality" that has ever wandered about on this earth among the children of men.

In school you have read and heard, and you will read and hear in the future, of many great men—savants, statesmen, kings, princes, and also poets. You have read words and sayings of many of them which ennobled you and even filled you with enthusiasm. To be sure! Is there a German youth who would not feel inspired and enthusiastic by such songs as those of our poet Koerner? And yet they are all the mere words of men. Not one of them is to be compared to any single word spoken by our Lord. And this is said to you so that you will be in a position to defend it, as soon as you find yourselves in the struggle of life and hear exchanges of opinions and also exchange opinions yourselves regarding religion, and, above all, regarding the person of our Savior.

The word of man has never been able uniformly to inspire people of all races and of all nations to attain the same aim, to endeavor to be like Him, and even to give their lives for Him. This miracle can only be explained from the fact that the words He spoke were the words from the living God, which awaken life and which remain alive even after a period of many thousands of years, while the words of the savants are long forgotten.

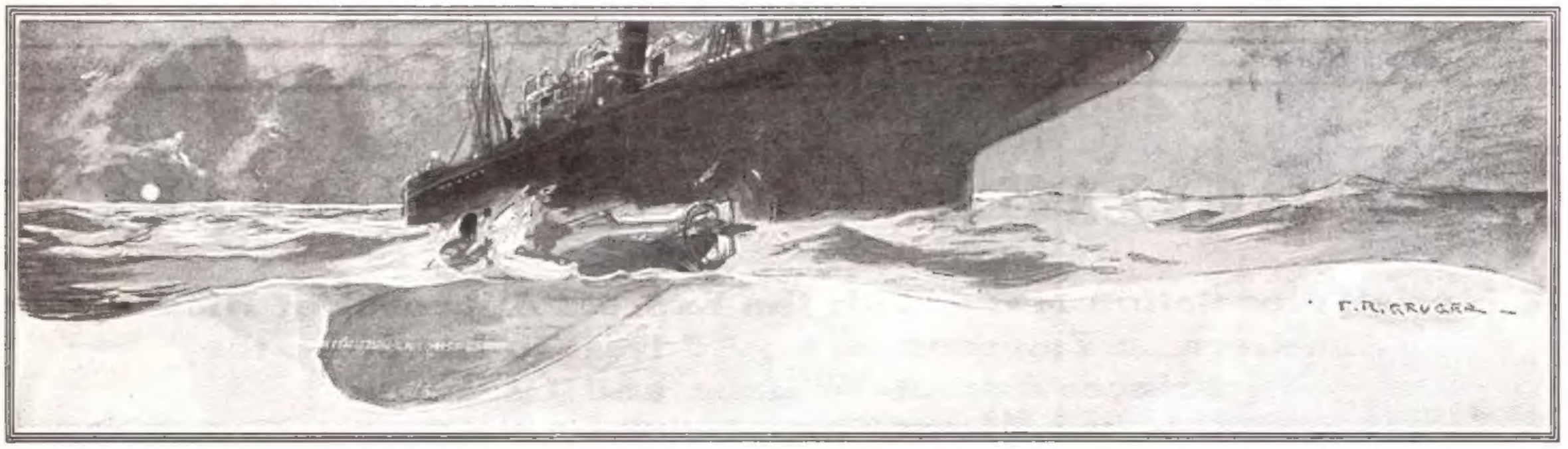
Now, when I look back on my personal experience, I can only assure you—and your experience will be the same—that the cardinal and main object of human life, and principally that of a life full of responsibility and activity—this has become clearer to me from year to year—lies solely and alone in the position we take regarding our Lord and Savior. I have called Him the most personal of personalities, and thus rightly. For it cannot be otherwise in human life. And as happens with us all, so it was also with Him. There have been disputes regarding opinions of Him: some were for Him, some were in doubt, and many were against Him. But about this there can be no doubt whatever, and the severest foe and denier of the Lord is but a proof of the fact: The Lord is still living at the present time as a complete personality which cannot be ignored. His heavenly form is still walking about among us, visible only to our mental eye, and perceptible only to our soul: comforting, helping, strengthening, but also awakening contradiction and persecution; and because He cannot be ignored every human being is compelled, whether he be aware of it or not, to compare the life he leads, the office he holds, the work he does, with the angle of vision in which he stands toward our Savior; and if his work is done in the sight of the Lord, whether it be agreeable to Him or whether it be to the contrary, his conscience, if it be still alive, will always thus direct him.

In fact, I firmly believe that many people are of the opinion that it is inconceivable in our nowadays "modern" life, with its multifarious duties and its many situations full of responsibility, that one could give such particular attention to the personality of our Savior and have so much regard for Him as there was felt for Him in former times. And mankind has filled Heaven with many beautiful figures, other than that of our Lord, with pious Christians, who are called saints, and to whom man prays for help. But all this is only an incident and a vanity. The only Helper and Redeemer is now, and will always be, the Savior.

There is only one thing I can advise you, with all my heart, regarding the life that lies before you: toil and work without intermission; this is the essential part of the Christian life. It was thus He lived before us! Glance at the Scriptures and read the parables of our Savior. The severest punishment is for the one who does nothing, who sits idle, or floats with the stream, and allows others to do the work, as in the parable of the talents. Whatsoever be your passions or your gifts, every one should try to do the best in his power and in his province to become a personality, to grow into his duties, to toil in them, and to further them in accordance with the example of our Savior. Above all, in everything you commence, strive to make it, if possible, of benefit to your fellow-men, for it is the most beautiful thing to rejoice with others, and where this is not possible, try to have your work at least of benefit to your fellow-men, the same as was exemplified in the life full of work and the acts of our Lord. In so doing you will have fulfilled what is expected from you. Then you will become good German men, capable Princes of my house, who are able to share in the great work left to us all.

That you may be fitted to carry out such a work to its accomplishment with blessings, and that the help of God and our Savior be with you in this task—to this we drain our glasses.

FIFTY FATHOMS DOWN



By MORGAN ROBERTSON

THE U. S. Submarine Torpedo Boat Diver had come to the surface to blow out, to recharge her storage battery, and to restore her supply of compressed air to its working pressure of 2000 pounds to the square inch. The first two were accomplished, but, there being something wrong with the air compressor motor, the last was delayed while a machinist and two electricians swore over it—or under it, for it was at arm's length overhead, and the boat, in the awash or diving condition, ran along under her gasoline engine. Breen, temporary commander, raised his boyish face up through the conning-tower hatch, the hinged lid of which was held upright by a strong spring, and looked around at the night. It was pitch dark and starless, but, over to the east, the upper limb of a full moon was just appearing above the horizon. The hinged lid of the hatch prevented a view astern; the engine exhaust drowned the lesser sounds of the sea.

A curious, rushing sound mingled with the puffing of the exhaust, a voice high above and astern sang out: "Something under the bow, sir," and a huge bulk of blacker darkness struck the small, semi-submerged craft a glancing blow from astern, heeled it a little, and bore it under. Breen was washed downward by the inrush of water, but held a grip on the conning-tower ladder, and found voice to call out: "Stop the engine. Shut off the gas." Then, against that almost solid column of descending salt water, he fought his way upward until, face above the hatch again, but looking now into the blackness of the deep sea, he seized the hand-hold of the hatch lid and pulled it down. It closed with a force that would have shivered anything but armor steel, and Breen, half drowned, fell to the floor of the handling-room. As he raised himself he could hear faintly, through the steel walls from the void without, the lessening pulsations of a steamer's screw.

"Run down," he gasped, choking the water from his lungs, and supporting himself by the ladder; for the boat was rolling twenty degrees. "Anything carried away?"

"Seems not, Lieutenant," answered the chief electrician; "nothing but the auxiliary motor. I've burned it out—had my hand on the switch when the jar came. But we're sinking, sir."

"We've taken in more than the reserve buoyancy, surely," said Breen, looking at the depth indicator, which already marked forty feet. The hand moved, as he looked, to fifty, sixty—and more.

"Blow out every tank," he ordered.

The ballast and trimming tanks were emptied, and the store of compressed air was further lessened thereby; but, though the indicator hand moved more slowly, it moved as steadily and as surely. The boat was still sinking.

"Start the motor and connect up the pumps," said Breen. "What am I thinking about—wasting time and air over tanks with all this water washing about."

"Can't, sir," answered a machinist from the neighborhood of the engine. "The motor's soaked through. A lot came down the air pipe 'fore I could close it, and all the rest has come aft, too."

Breen looked, and became thoughtful of face. The depressed engine compartment now held the water taken in, and the lower half of the armature was immersed. A sunken submarine, with main motor short circuited by water and auxiliary motor burned out, without means to pump, to move, or to compress air for power, was in a serious plight. But Breen's face cleared in a moment.

"Man the hand pump," he said. "My God!" he added in a semi-whisper as he glanced at the indicator. It marked one hundred!

As many men as could find room for their hands on the pump-brake put forth their strength, but could force very little water out against the pressure of the sea. They looked at Breen, doubt and anxiety showing in their faces.

"Out with the torpedoes," he said bravely and cheerfully. "We had a reserve buoyancy of three hundred, and we're carrying several thousand pounds of steel and gun-cotton that we won't need right away. Disconnect the levers and unscrew the detonator."

Whitehead torpedoes—mechanical fish—are merely aimed and started by the craft that carries them. They propel themselves by their own motive power, steer themselves in the direction originally pointed, and at an under-water depth automatically chosen, and if they hit nothing within two thousand yards lock their engines and rise by a reserve buoyancy to float and be recovered. Breen's last order carried a meaning to these men that was reflected back in their pale faces as they removed the starting levers and the small fan wheel which, by the torpedo's motion, would bring the detonator into action. "Any port in a storm," muttered one; "they're good lifebuoys on a pinch." They withdrew the Whitehead always carried in the tube, prepared it like the others, inserted it and closed the breech; then, opening the bow port, they turned on the compressed air, and a cough, a thud, and an inrush of water testified that the torpedo was out. They blew out the tube, closed the port, opened the breech, and hauled forward another torpedo, while Breen studied the depth indicator.

"One hundred and ten," he called, "and still sinking. Out with them all, quickly."

The sinking boat was now slightly "by the stern" from the expenditure of the water that had replaced the torpedo, which water is, under normal conditions, retained in a tank and shifted aft to others as torpedoes are hauled forward, in order to maintain the horizontal trim of the boat; but they were expending weights now, and it mattered not if the boat stood on her tail for a time, provided she floated. She did give promise of the erect attitude, reaching an angle of ten degrees with the release of the third torpedo; but at this moment there was a shock and a shudder through the steel hull, then a bumping, scraping sound.

"Good," exclaimed Breen. "We've reached the bottom, one hundred and twenty feet down. Three hundred and fifty's the crushing point."

"But we're scraping along with the tide, sir," answered one of the men, "and we may go deeper."

"Then we'll find the torpedoes right above us," said Breen promptly. "Out with the other two."

Out they went, one after the other, and after them the water in the tube. The boat lifted her bow to an angle of twenty-five degrees, but the scraping and bumping of the propeller guard on the bottom continued, and the depth indicator told them that she was now one hundred and thirty feet below the surface, and dragging downhill. The men at the hand-pump quit the fruitless labor and joined them. They looked into each other's pale faces. Only Breen's showed decision.

"Draw lots," he said, bringing forth a box of matches from his pocket, "as to who goes first."

"You mean last, sir, don't you?" asked the engineer. "It makes no difference who goes first on the chance of swimming up over a hundred feet to find a torpedo at night; but some one must remain to fire out the last man, sir."

"I remain," said Breen. "No arguments about this. I am the commander, and should have kept a better lookout."

"But, Lieutenant," said the other engineer, "can't we shoot the boat up on a slant by the engine? The sparkers are out of water."

"The conning-tower hatch would still be under water, and we would be far away from the torpedoes. They are now right above us. We know that much. Who goes first, now?"

"I will," said one of the trimming tank men. "But, Lieutenant," he added, "we can swim up in two minutes, I should think, and I've held my breath three; but how'll we know which way to swim. It's night up there. We can't see."

"If your head and stomach don't tell you let your knife hang loose by the lanyard. It'll hang down. Swim parallel. Hold on. Keep your shoes on"—the man was shedding them—"take all weights out that you can. Put your coats on—all of you. It's a cold night up above. You'll need your coats riding a torpedo."

"Good-by, sir. Good-by, boys—all 'round. No time to shake hands. If I find a Whitehead I'll keep singin' out."

He threw open the breech of the tube, and crawled in. A man stood with his hand on the compressed-air valve; another stood by the bow-port lever; Breen himself was at the breech.

"Take a good breath when you hear the breech closed," he called in, and was answered. Then he slammed to the swinging breech door, locked it, and waved his hand to his men. They knew the drill. Water was admitted at once, the bow port was lifted, compressed air was turned on, there was the usual cough, and thud, and inrush of water, and a man

"HOLD ON. KEEP YOUR SHOES ON"

under a pressure of four atmospheres was swimming, somewhere, through water black as night, guided only by his knife lanyard, or the *feel* of his head and stomach.

The tube was blown out and another man said good-by and crawled in. He was ejected. Then the performance was repeated again and again, while Breen watched the dials that told of depth and inclination, and listened for a cessation of the scraping sound of the propeller guard. There was none, and both inclination and depth registers showed increase.

He himself ejected the last man, and stood up, alone, in a boat one hundred and forty feet beneath the surface of the sea, her bow lifted to an angle of thirty degrees from the horizontal, her main motor drowned and her auxiliary motor burned. There was one chance in a million that he would be rescued; but, as he stood on the slanting floor of the handling-room, the hope of this one chance came to him; for the scraping and bumping had ceased.

He looked at the depth indicator and waited. No; she was not rising from the expenditure of weights, as he had hoped for a moment; the propeller guard must have caught on some projection on the bottom, and was holding her from drifting farther with the tide. This was proved to him by a new and faint sound coming through the steel walls of his coffin—the sound of rustling water, passing by. But it soon gave way to the bumping and scraping; and when, two hours later, this grew fainter and finally ceased, and he again looked at the depth indicator, he saw a reading of three hundred. He was fifty fathoms below the surface.

Breen's emotions for the next few hours need not be recorded. They were mainly concerned with that one chance in a million, and ended in prayer; but following the prayer came the much used and abused, homely but practical, reflection that the Lord helps those who help themselves, and he arose from the floor where he had thrown himself and looked around—first, at the air-pressure indicators. All but two registered at zero; he had two tanks at two thousand pounds' pressure, and he could have blown out a few more torpedoes, or men, or tanks of water, but not that water washing about aft. He thought of the storage battery beneath the flooring—ninety large jars of sulphuric acid, in danger from contact with that washing salt water, and removing the hatch, inspected it. He found that the last jars aft lifted six inches above the water level, and, knowing that they were designed for an inclination of forty-five degrees, was reassured on this point. Salt water and sulphuric acid are a bad combination in a closed compartment; and his air was already bad enough from the fumes of smoking insulation and the leakage of gasoline from the engine.

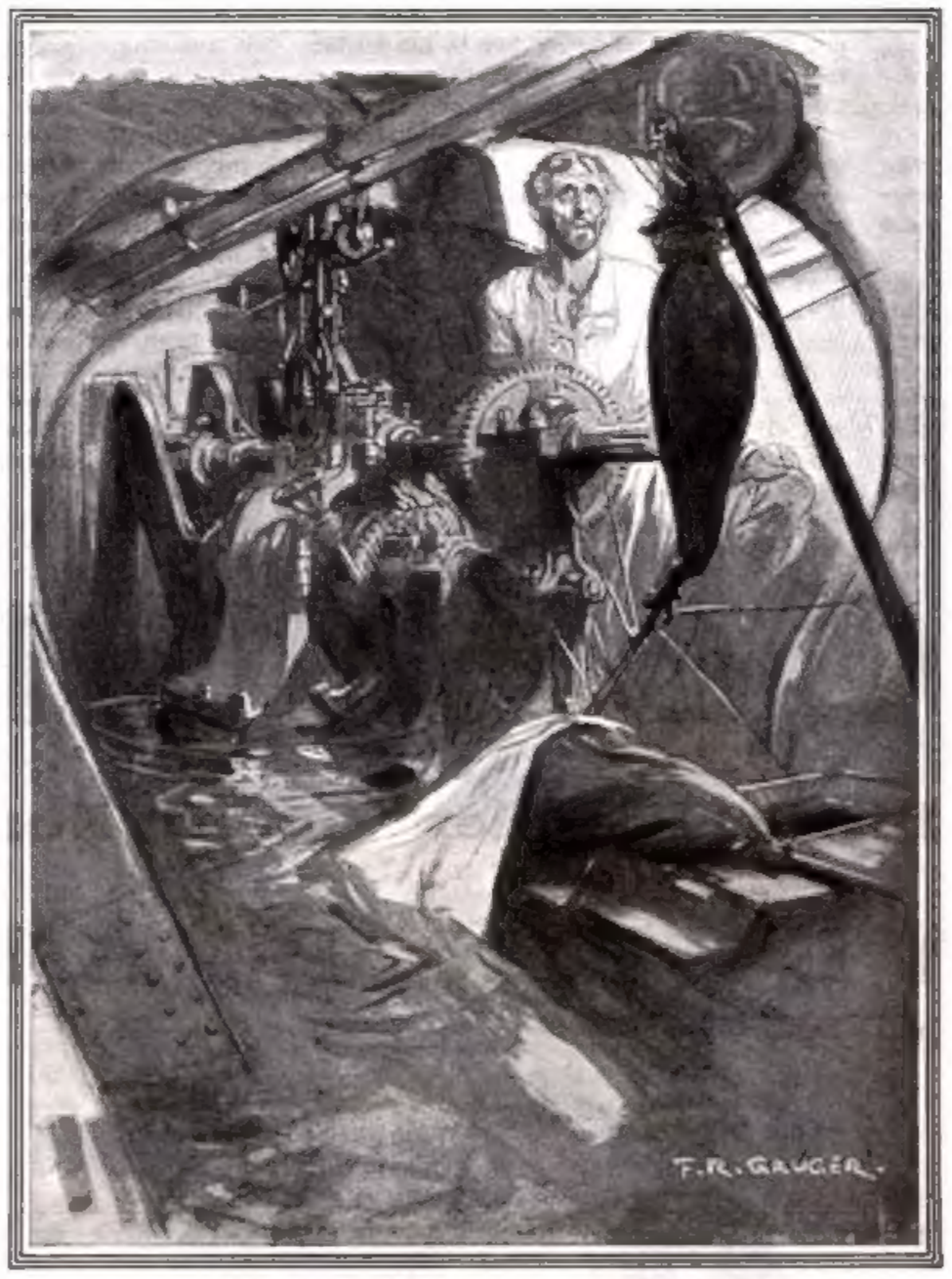
He looked at the burned-out motor overhead in the handling-room. It worked the air compressor and one of the bilge pumps, the other being connected to the main motor, under water and equally useless. He had a naval officer's knowledge of electricity and motors, acquired at Annapolis, and this told him that it would be hopeless, even for an expert mechanic, to attempt rewinding that small motor with the dried-out wires of the other. He studied the main motor, nearly buried in water. When dry it worked with seventy horse-power. It would pump out, against the pressure of the sea, the water that kept the boat down. If clear of this water it would dry out—in time. In what time? Breen had fifteen days' supply of food and water for a crew of eight—one hundred and twenty days' supply for himself. His air supply was short, but—suffocation is a long death.

The lower part of the armature and fully half the height of the field magnets were still immersed. He needed more weight forward, or less aft; and as his eye roved about the maze of fixtures—pipes, valves and machinery—it rested upon the useless gasoline engine—a two-thousand-pound weight. Removing his coat, he first made sure that the gas feed valve was screwed tight, then, delving for wrenches, spanners and hammers in the engineer's locker, attacked the engine. He was working for life, and such work is exhilarating for a time. Breen sang while he worked.

Two weeks later he was not singing; his clothing a greasy envelope of rags and shreds, his face haggard, his eyes sunken from too close looking into the eyes of Death, he dragged forward with bleeding hands the connecting rod of the after cylinder, and piled it on a scrap-heap of similar fragments beside the torpedo-tube in the bow. The engine was stripped to the supporting column that bore the weight of the motor and the pump, and the boat was not yet on an even keel; but the last lower coil of the field magnet was lifted from the water by the shifting of the weight, and when he had cleared the wires from the storage battery from all contact with water he rewarded himself with a few deep inhalations from his nearly exhausted compressed air supply, and sat down to wait—until the insulation was dry.

Being a Government officer, not yet relieved from duty, he had kept the log, and knew the flight of time by this and the clock; and in another week he realized with sinking heart that the motor was *not drying out*. A little reflection told him why; in the sealed-up hull the atmosphere was saturated with moisture, and no more evaporation could take place. In a fit of utter and suicidal desperation he turned on the last few pounds of his air supply and lay down, weary of work, weary of thought, hoping now, if death would not come speedily, that unconsciousness would—that he might at least be relieved of the torture of headache that now afflicted him. And unconsciousness came, in the form of sweet, refreshing sleep, brought on by the suicidal extravagance in air. And when he wakened there was a thought, or the remnant of one, a lingering survival of something he had dreamed—a phrase repeating itself, and dwindling away, as the details of valve and piping took form before his eyes. It was of gases, this thought—of a drying agent for gases—something he had studied years ago at school. A drying agent for gases? What was it? Then it came to him out of the forgotten chemistry in his sub-conscious mind: "Sulphuric acid."

He had ninety jars of it under his feet. He had lead and copper piping in his scrap-heap forward. He had two electric fans used for ventilation on the surface, and a blower,



AND THE STEEL WALLS OF HIS SUNKEN PRISON RANG WITH HIS WORDS—DELIVERED IN SHOUTS

fixed in the air pipe, but available on a pinch—all four wired and ready, with a 3600 ampere-hour battery to drive them. Wild with hope, he sprang to his feet and went to work. In three hours he had constructed from the back of his coat a cone-shaped funnel that stretched around the wire guard of a fan wheel; and this he fitted on to the end of a length of lead pipe, the other end of which was all but immersed in the acid of a battery jar in the hold. With the fan buzzing and blowing into this funnel, and a stream of air ruffling the surface of the acid, he yet went on contriving; and with another fan, unscrewed from its shelf and rewired to a new location, he caught this dried air as it rose and drove it aft over the motor. Smiling like a child with a toy, Breen sat down and watched it, his mind intent upon chemistry, that he once had hated, that he had so completely forgotten.

The air was again very bad; his head was aching as it had ached before, and he needed no clear recollection of the forgotten science to know that the dominant irritant was the carbonic acid gas from his lungs. How to purify the air he did not know. This boat was not equipped with the apparatus for such purpose that he had read of in plans and specifications, and all the chemistry that would come to him was the old, familiar classroom test for carbonic acid gas, or—as he liked to call it now, with his mind on chemistry—carbon dioxide. This testing reagent was lime-water, but the chemical term for it was beyond him. He went to sleep at last, thinking of lime-water—lime-water, and the chemical name for it.

As he slept, fitfully, with intervals of half-waking thought, chemical terms, long forgotten, and bearing no seeming relation to lime-water, ran jumblingly through his head—potassium chlorate, manganese dioxide, chloride of sodium, chlorhydric acid. These persisted through the jumble, and remained when he had wakened. He repeated and remembered them. But what had they to do with lime-water? Nothing, that he could remember. Chloride of sodium was common salt, he knew, and he had plenty of it, dissolved in water—more than he wanted. Chlorhydric acid—hydrochloric acid—muriatic acid—an acid containing no oxygen, the one gas that he needed so badly—formed of hydrogen and chloric—chloride, chlorine gas. Good, so far. Chlorine—also a constituent of the salt in his bilge water. But what of it? It was oxygen that he wanted. Potassium chlorate—chlorate of potassium. This contained chlorine. Manganese dioxide contained oxygen; but what did it mean? Why should these elements and compounds come to his mind? He had something of blind faith in the relevancy of thought, but he wanted to know only of lime-water, with which he could catch the carbon dioxide in the air and free the oxygen. This last thought was an advance, but he could go no further in this direction. His mind returned to chlorhydric acid, to hydrogen, to chlorine. How were they made? They were all there—in his sea water. But why these persisting thoughts? His waking thought of sulphuric acid as a drying agent meant something. Did it mean more? Sulphuric acid, one of the most powerful chemical reagents known—the most powerful electrolyte—electro—electrolysis—"Hurrah."

He bounded to his feet. He had it. Electrolysis of water yielded oxygen and hydrogen. But why had manganese dioxide and potassium chlorate so persisted in his mind? And lime-water—what had that to do with his problem, now solved by electrolysis?

Slowly the memory of schoolday lessons learned by rote filtered up from the past—of the test-tube manufacture of oxygen by the union of these chemicals in the presence of heat. And lime-water, with its affinity for carbon dioxide? There was no lime on board, hence no lime-water. But there was water—too much. Where was the affinity? It was slower in coming, but it came—the old lessons learned by rote, and forgotten. "Carbon dioxide is soluble in water, volume for volume." "Oxygen is but slightly soluble in water—about three parts in a hundred."

"I see how it is," he said, with the infantile smile that had come to his boy's face in this trouble. "It's the subliminal self that remembers everything; and when you've guessed all around the subject it pops out and hits you when you've touched it."

He found some spare insulated wire among the stores, and rigged two lengths from the poles of the battery, scraping the ends, and immersing them in the salt water. A few bubbles arose, then ceased.

"Funny how things come back when you need them," he said as he pulled up the wires. "I want platinum electrodes, and solder, and soldering fluid—chloride of zinc—zinc cut by hydrochloric acid. Wonder if I'll have to make my acid."

He did not. He found a soldering outfit in the locker, then rummaged his scrap-heap forward for platinum sparkers, and finding very little of the precious metal, ruthlessly smashed all but three of the electric bulbs that lighted his prison, robbing them of the platinum wires that led the current into the carbons.

Clumsily—for he was but a theoretical mechanic—he soldered the ends of the platinum wires and fragments to the copper ends of his terminals, about half to each, making brushlike electrodes of the largest possible surface exposure. Then he immersed them, and was gratified at the result. Bubbles arose in generous quantity.

"Now, which is which?" he said as he leaned over them. "Let's think. Water—hydrogen and oxygen—H_2O—two parts hydrogen to one of oxygen. But the bubbles seem about the same size."

He stooped and inhaled deeply of the air over one column of bursting bubbles; a little of this brought on a curious feeling of faintness, with a desire to draw a longer breath.

"Hydrogen, surely," he said. "Now the other."

A half inhalation over the other bubbles sent him back, coughing and choking, with a bitter, astringent taste in his throat.

"No," he said as he pulled up the wire. "That is not oxygen. It's some other gas. I must separate them, somehow."

He racked his brains for the rest of the day—until his clock told him that sleeping-time had arrived—but could not remember more of his chemistry. He could only fix in his mind a few chemical facts not forgotten: that he was using up the existing oxygen by combining it, in his lungs, with carbon to form carbon dioxide, ten per cent. of which, in the air, might be fatal; that the hydrogen which he would make, with his oxygen, was non-poisonous, like the nitrogen of the air, but that, there being less of it as a diluent, he might suffer from a preponderance of oxygen; and that this astringent gas that would also evolve from the salt water was a deadly poison to be got rid of. But how? It must be carbon dioxide. He did not need to sleep on the problem; he had already slept upon and solved it. It came to him suddenly in the formulated sentences of the morning. Water would absorb carbon dioxide, volume for volume, while oxygen would only give up three parts to a hundred.

"What a fool I am," he muttered. "I can simply blow the whole mixture back into the water, again and again, and get rid of everything but the oxygen and hydrogen."

The motor was dryer to the touch, but still much too damp for use; so, for the present, he left his air-drying apparatus intact, and constructed a supplementary pneumatic feed system that would have scandalized a mechanical or electrical engineer, but was a triumph of driven genius to poor Breen, dying of headache at the bottom of the sea.

First, he reversed the polarity of the fixed blower in the air pipe overhead, so that it worked downward; then he propped up and secured a section of gas feed-piping that would catch the mixed bubbles as they burst, and deliver the mixture to this blower. Below this fan he suspended a fairly air-tight funnel formed of the seat and one leg of his trousers, and to the funnel secured another length of copper piping, the lower end of which he hammered flat, so that it would spread the flow of gases to a fan-shaped stream conducive to a large number of smaller bubbles. This end he immersed in the deepest part of the flooded engine-room, sacrificed his shirt to form a hood over the bubbles that would rise, and under this hood arranged his original funnel and fan that drove air through the lead pipe to the sulphuric acid. He had contrived an apparatus to manufacture two volumes of hydrogen to one volume of oxygen, with an unknown quantity of poisonous gas—that would suck into itself the foul air of the closed hull and drive it, with the mixed gases, in a divided stream into the purifying water—and that would force the oxygen which arose on to the drying sulphuric acid to be then sent back over the damp motor. Arranging his battery wires in the water, he turned on all the fans and tested the result by his sense of smell. There was but the slightest bad odor in the blast from the last fan—not enough to distress him; and, utterly tired out, Breen went to sleep as happy as a man may be on the cold sea bottom without shirt or trousers, and barely reprieved from lingering death.

When he awakened his fans still buzzed merrily, his headache was gone, and the motor much dryer to the touch. His problem seemed to have been solved, for there were no more chemical terms or "guesses" remaining from his sleep. Yet, as he felt of the damp motor, and noticed the hydrogen bubbles rising and escaping into the air without going through the drying process, he felt, and obeyed, a strong impulse to turn them into the pipe that caught the others.

"Can't do any harm to dry the hydrogen," he mused; "and it would mix with the oxygen later, in any case, while the water won't absorb it—only the carbon dioxide."

A few moments later he noticed an utter absence of the bad odor in the blast from the acid to the motor, and felt only a slight increment of gratification. It was long after, with a larger experience of, and dependence upon, the infallibility of subliminal promptings, that he realized that it was *not to dry* the hydrogen that he had turned it into his pipes.

From this on his problems were mechanical; he was interested in the rapidly drying motor and its potencies when he dared turn the current into it. He realized these potencies—he knew that the seventy horse-power motor could pump out the water and bring her to the surface; but knowing, too, that under the coils moisture would remain long after the surface windings were dry, and that a short circuiting of coils might rack the insulation to pieces by the formation of steam, he waited a full week after the last dampness had apparently gone; then, uncoupling the motor from the shaft, and turning on the switch, he carefully moved the controller, and gave it momentary contact. A thin cloud arose from the motor, and the armature moved an inch. He inspected the cloud; it seemed to be steam, not smoke, and he tried it again, with longer contact. The armature moved farther, and again he shut off the current, assured himself that there was no burning, and turned it on. This time he left it on, and stood over the motor, watching the steaming armature slowly turn at about the rate of a steamboat's paddle-wheel, while the commutator brushes threw out sparkings six inches long. His theoretical knowledge of electricity told him that these sparks indicated a waste of current; and he noticed that when his body interposed between the motor and the blast of dried air from the last fan in his system the sparks were reduced to minute points, hardly visible. With nothing to do now until his motor gained power enough to pump, he busied himself in constructing a hood that would inclose the commutator and brushes, using his undershirt for material, and singing as he worked. A man may be joyful at the bottom of the sea, shivering with cold in one garment, provided he is hopeful. And Breen was hopeful; his hood was a success; it stopped the extravagant sparking, but did not save enough current to work the pump, which fact he learned by connecting it. The armature moved faster, but stopped short against the small resistance of the inert water in the induction pipe. So he turned off the current, thoroughly groomed and lubricated the pump, and waited.

He was very happy now, singing and talking to himself, while his heart beat a thumping accompaniment to the music, and the steel walls of his sunken prison rang with his words—delivered in shouts. He was not in the least cast down when two of his lights burned out, and he danced forward in rag-time step, secured the remaining bulb, and danced aft with it, adjusting it just forward of the motor, where it would illumine his system of buzzing fans and bursting bubbles.

He did not enter up the log this day, nor keep further track of the passage of time, being too lofty of soul to concern himself with such trifles; nor did he go to sleep when the time for it came around. Who would sleep with a seventy-horse-power motor drying out and needing attention—with a beautiful plant manufacturing, purifying and drying air—sweet, cool air, to be breathed by himself, and no other. How pleasant it felt to his burning face and tingling fingers when he placed himself in its way. The world above, with its millions of men, had millions of cubic miles of air to breathe no better than his, that he had made for himself. This thought so pleased him that he put it to rhyme, and sang it to the steel walls in the voice of a boatswain's mate in bad weather. Louder he sang, and louder, until the music went out of his voice and left it a screech.

There were a few hours of this, when he fell down near the motor, and lay there.

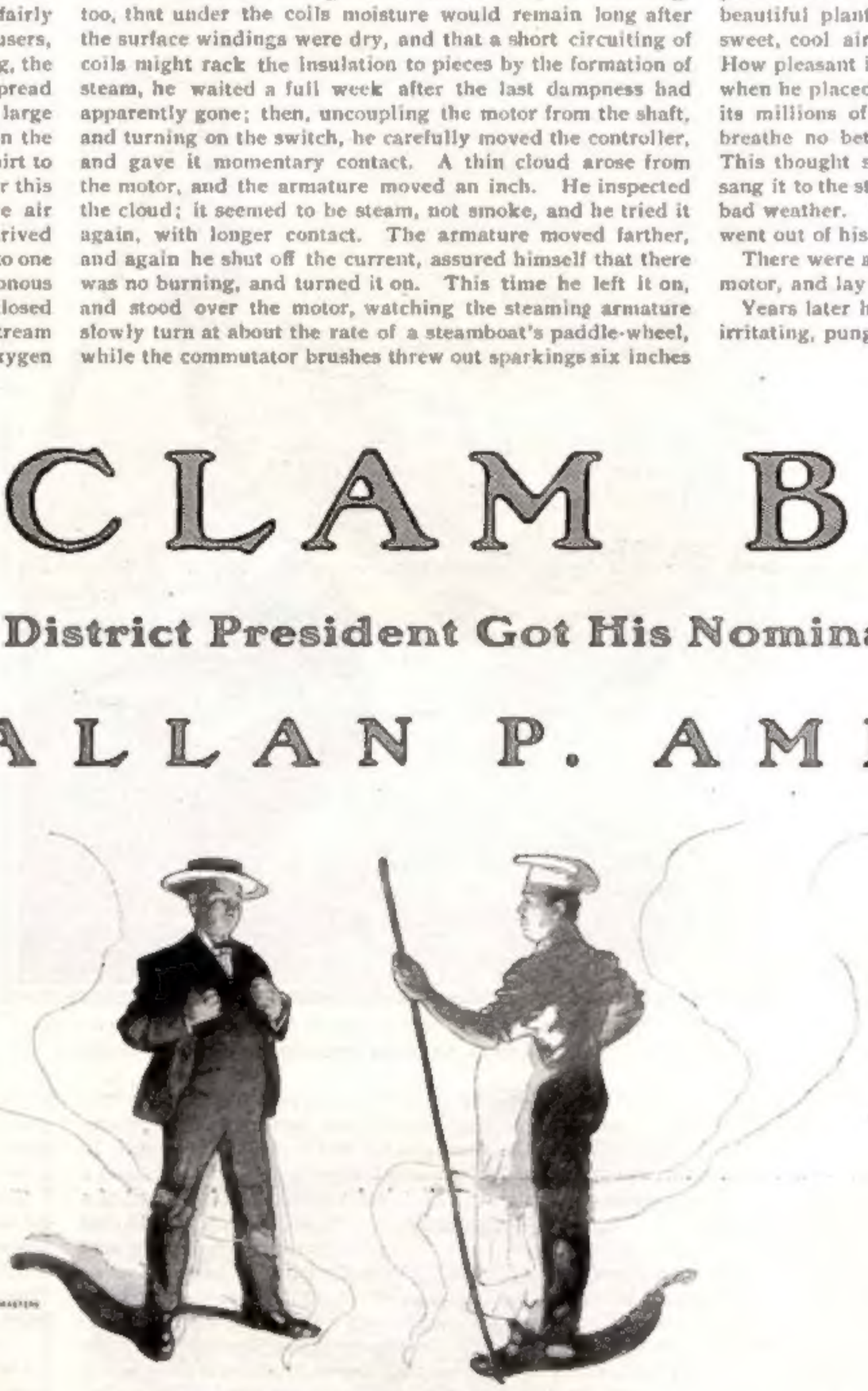
Years later he awakened in pitch-black darkness, with an irritating, pungent odor in his nostrils, a burning sensation

(*Continued on Page 19*)

THE CLAM BAKE

How the District President Got His Nomination

By ALLAN P. AMES



"THEM ROCKS HAS TO GET JEST SO HOT"

THE district president came over to where the chef stood watching the fire, so close that his face was as red as the flames.

"Say, can't you hurry it up a bit?" he demanded. "The boys are getting rampageous, they're so hungry."

"Sorry, mister," replied the chef, as he fanned himself with his white apron; "but them rocks has to get jest so hot. You can't cook over cold stones."

"Well, you know your business," said the president. "Sure you've got enough?"

"How many do you expect?"

"About two hundred and fifty."

"That's what I'm figgerin' on. There's a whole chicken, two dozen clams, four potatoes, one lobster, a pound of fish, and six ears of corn to a man, besides the bread and crackers and other fixin's that don't have to be cooked."

"I hope it will be enough," remarked the president, as he walked off, somewhat doubtfully, I thought.

"You don't pretend that this crowd can get away with a mountain of food like that?" I asked him.

"Dead easy," he answered. "I guess you've never been to an organization 'bake' before. A man can eat an awful lot at a time like this, especially when there's unlimited 'dark' to wash it down."

By "dark" he meant the foamy beverage that was attracting a thirsty mob to a shed in another part of the grove.

"Those fellows mean to digest their clams like an old lady I know up in Maine takes her quinine pills," I observed.

"How's that?" he innocently inquired.

"Inside her."

His earnest face never quivered. "That isn't cider," he explained; "it's beer."

"Bakes" on the beach, small unstudied gatherings, were not new to my experience; but the clam as a feature of this political picnic is something we know little about on the Maine coast. My friend, the district president, I dare say, never had met the clam on its native heath, but as a well-trained ward politician he understood its value as a promoter of good-fellowship and harmony.

The political cauldron begins to simmer early up in Central New York. Premonitory bubbles rise along toward the end of August before the Saturday half-holiday season is over. The coming campaign casts before it long shadows that defy the summer sun. It is too hot to gather for counsel behind closed doors, but beyond the busy streets cool picnic groves invite to quiet contemplation of the approaching contest. Since the last election the party fences have weakened. They must be repaired. The organization must present a solid front to the enemy. Within its ranks must be no divisions or factional strife. At the fag-end of the political year no local organization, however well handled, can hope to be free from these handicaps. If the party is in power there never is enough patronage to go around, and disappointed workers are grumbling threats of revolt. If the last election spelt defeat new aspirants have arisen, confident of their ability to succeed where the old leaders have failed, and prodigal of promises. But whether the party is to enter the fight with new bosses or old it must go united. It is best that any dissatisfaction should come to light before the beginning of the stern work that October brings. As an opportunity to conciliate rebels and encourage the faithful, experience has awarded the palm to the clam bake.

The afternoon of the "bake" was a Saturday half-holiday late in August. I had received the courtesies of the local organization through the district president, a youth who, in spite of the fact that he could not have voted for more than two presidents, displayed an aptitude for practical politics that never ceased to amaze me. As yet the spoils of office

had been beyond his reach, but from certain things he had said I felt certain that this fall he was out for a nomination to the board of supervisors, a place of humble degree and barely nominal salary, yet a recognized stepping-stone to further advancement. His own district had pledged its support, and the rest of the ward was only waiting for the word to indorse his candidacy.

The one man who could give the word was expected at the "bake," where his appearance would be the first on local ground since his departure from the city and the field of politics two months ago. As chairman of the committee in charge of the event, my friend had at once the chance and the anxiety of an important responsibility.

We rode out to the grove in chartered trolley cars, preceded by a brass band that brayed incessantly, and now, in a shady spot beneath the maples, was still braying. To pass the time before the "bake" was served, and to stimulate a jaded townsman's appetite, there were baseball and other sports. In fact, so far as preliminary diversions were concerned, it might have been just an ordinary picnic. But a glance about the crowd was enough to show its unusual character. These were men who ate, breathed and dreamed politics. When the busy chairman left me to attend to his duties elsewhere I sat and watched them as they strolled in couples among the trees, smoking their fat, black cigars, and conversing with an air that, despite the perfect safety of the surroundings, could not divest itself of a certain portentous secrecy. Just the potent, unctuous look of those cigars on a hot afternoon before dinner was enough to give me qualms, yet these fellows consumed one after another with tranquil enjoyment. Not all of them had the size, nor the strong features of the typical politician, but few lacked the ready smile, the ringing laugh and the handclasp that are more powerful than words.

Presently a stout, perspiring person in a white apron came up and tapped me on the shoulder. "See here, young feller, you don't seem to know what to do with your time. Lend us a hand."

"Who are you?" I asked, pretending not to recognize him.

"I'm the chef; that's who; and if you ain't willing to help jest say so."

"Oh, that's all right," I hastened to reply. "What's the job?"

"We're ready to put the grub on the fire," said he.

The wood had burned out, leaving a pile of whitening embers. Following the example of the cook and two other assistants, I picked up a long-handled brush such as street sweepers use, only with a hoelike attachment above the bristles, and approached the glowing mass. Reversing the brushes, we hoed off the hot ashes and exposed a heap of stones reeking with heat. Then, dipping the bristles in water to protect them, we swept the stones clean. From a near-by pile armfuls of green cornstalks were carried and spread around the edges and partly over the rocks and then sprinkled with water.

On the beach we use seaweed, but corn proved an excellent substitute.

Then came the "grub." During the morning the chef and his helpers had prepared clams, white and sweet potatoes, chicken, sweet corn, fish and lobsters, the chicken and fish by cutting into convenient portions and wrapping in cheesecloth. The corn had its own wrapping of husks, the potatoes were well protected by their jackets, and the clams and lobsters by their shells. The whole mass was divided among a multitude of woven wire baskets, holding about a peck.

Above the fast-shriveling cornstalks we heaped the richly-laden baskets and spread more corn on top. The next step was to cover the mound with a coarse, cotton sheet, wringing wet, and then a heavier cloth of canvas, also well dampened. Finally, the chef took a shovel and packed moist earth around the edges of the canvas, and human agencies had done their utmost. The rest was left to heat and steam and clam-juice.

The chef wiped his hands and hauled out a big, silver watch. "It's now half-past four," said he. "This bake will be done to a turn at a quarter after five." Through the meshes of the canvas stole threads of steam, fragrantly suggestive of mouth-watering transformations in progress below.

Whoever first named the clam as a symbol of happiness discovered a true comparison, but neglected to mention the retiring mollusk's nobler qualities.

"Happy as a clam. Happy as a clam at high tide." What does the inlander know about it? Have you ever walked along the sand when the tide is out and noticed little jets of water rise near where your foot presses? That is the clam. He isn't doing it because he wants to, but because he can't help it; the weight on the sand compels him. One day, when nobody was watching, he washed in with the surf and dug his house where it left him. What with? Why, with his foot. For his particular uses that solitary foot is as good as a dozen. The clam is a poor pedestrian, but he can dig like a Dago immigrant. As fast as he excavates he pulls the sand in after him, leaving only the tip of his feeding-tube at the surface. When he finishes he finds himself snugly quartered six inches or so deep but preserving ideal communications with his base of supplies. When the tide is low his feeding-tube is withdrawn from sight, but when the ocean returns it is a passageway through which flows a constant, tiny stream of water bearing myriads of minute animal organisms to the clam's omnivorous stomach.

WHEN THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF THE "BAKE" ARRIVED I WAS READY FOR IT

Thus does he lead a life of peace and plenty. There are no hazardous excursions in search of food for him, no anxiety for to-morrow's dinner. The wolf never comes prowling at his door. To the clam the whole sea is one vast, nourishing soup, thin, perhaps, but inexhaustible.

Such is the clam where he lives. Torn from this Arcadian retirement and brought to an inland "bake," he appears in a different light. Yielding up his fine-flavored juices to leaven a mass of grosser viands, he becomes the very ideal of generous self-sacrifice.

So far as mere bulk is concerned, clams make up only a small portion of the food devoured. It is his spirit that pervades the whole collection. Under the compelling influence of the fierce heat radiating from those pitiless stones he soon relaxes the stubborn little muscles that hold together his lip-like shells. Immediately a delicious liquor begins to drain from the opening, changing into steam that bathes and penetrates the coarser-fibred fish, fowl and vegetables. This is why the chicken is etherealized, why the humble potato becomes a feast for the gods, why the entire basketful gains in indefinable homogeneity, each article retaining its individual flavor, yet that flavor raised to the *n*th power and tempered by a subtle essence that smacks of the sea.

While the "bake" was cooking, something of almost equal importance happened. In among the trees came a handsome runabout drawn by a showy trotter and driven by a man under forty, stout, sleek, clean-shaven and smiling. The instant the vehicle stopped it was surrounded, with a promptness indicating that its arrival was expected, and the occupant stepped down to receive a warm welcome.

"Hi, Bill, here's the old man," said somebody at my elbow; "come over and let's give him the glad hand."

"Now don't you go slobbering over him," cautioned Bill. "You know there's nothing he hates more than a fuss."

Although the manner of the gentleman referred to was cordiality itself, not every one who saw him enter ventured to approach and shake hands. On the outskirts of the crowd a few of the younger men eyed their bolder companions with palpable envy and remained in the background. Presently their humility was rewarded; for as soon as the great man could disengage himself from the circle of more demonstrative admirers he hastened toward these timid ones.

"How are you, Edwards, Casey, Hanrahan," he said, calling each by name and distributing hearty hand-clasps. And for the next few minutes he devoted himself to these youths so tactfully that when he finally passed on their self-satisfaction was pathetic to behold. From the look on each boy's face you knew he believed the county dictator had carried away a lasting impression of his own individual worth. No wonder that man was Boss!

But now a renewal of activity among the cooks and waiters gave warning that the "bake" was ready to serve. There was a hungry scramble for seats at the long board tables, laid under the trees in the shadiest part of the grove, and in less than two minutes every man of the party was in his place. For the time being, politics, diplomacy, finesse, all were forgotten in savory expectation. The rudimentary instincts were asserting themselves.

The seating at the rough benches that ran along both sides of the narrow tables concerned itself with neither rank nor station. Diving, feet-foremost, into the nearest vacancy, I found myself between a member of assembly and a humble elevator man in one of the public buildings. Neither introduced himself, but before the food arrived we had learned all about one another and were chatting with the freedom of old acquaintances.

Across the table the Boss was hemmed in by two young men, who, when they recognized their neighbor, looked painfully embarrassed and started to rise, declining so great an honor. But the Boss divined their intention and summoned them back.

"All the other places are taken," said he; "you'd better stay here. Gee Win! But I'm hungry!"

Whether the frankness of this confession reassured them or they considered his request a command, the youngsters resumed their seats, and soon, under the big politician's skillful handling, lost the last trace of bashfulness.

"Here it comes! Wow! Let me at it!"

The shout came from the assemblyman. He was the smallest man at the table, a mere whisp of humanity beside the elevator man's rotund proportions, but after seeing him at work I ceased to think that size has anything to do with capacity.

Down the aisle between the two tables hurried several waiters laden with the smoking baskets. As they advanced they left a basket for every four men. One was placed directly in front of me and a delicious steam arose to greet my nostrils. Here was a feast indeed! Picking up my fork I reached for a piece of chicken, but, unfortunately, the same tid-bit attracted my neighbor, the elevator man, and, because unhandicapped by a fork, he seized the coveted dainty first, but just in time to receive the blunt prongs of my instrument in his fat hand.

"Ouch! Here, whatcher doing?" he bawled. "This ain't no place for forks!"

He held on to the piece of chicken, just the same, and to its soothing excellence more than to my apologies I attributed his readiness to forgive the injury. For me, however, the diversion was fatal. When I again sought the basket nothing remained but second-bests. Chicken, lobster and fish had vanished as if by magic.

"Hard luck!" murmured the sympathetic assemblyman. "You've got to grab at these feeds, and grab quick, or you get left. You'll know better when the next basket comes. Have a claw off this lobster. I got two."

I ate his lobster and cherished his warning, and when the second installment of the "bake" arrived I was ready for it. Goaded by the humiliating recollection of that first failure, I reached greedily and settled back in triumph with a prize in each hand.

Ah, the memory of that queen among pullets! Freed from the steaming cheesecloth envelope, it fairly dropped asunder with tenderness. And that kingly lobster! Shall I ever forget him! I returned with interest my generous friend's claw, and, imitating his example, cracked the shell with my knife-handle and sucked the juice with long, noisy inhalations. Then came potatoes, both white and sweet, permeated with the exquisite clam flavor that made them sublime. Finally

(*Concluded on Page 30*)

THE MYSTERY OF THE FIVE HUNDRED DIAMONDS

An Account of the Further Adventures of the Marie Antoinette Necklace

By ROBERT BARR

I RAISED THE LID, AND DISPLAYED THAT ACCURSED NECKLACE

PART II

THE man with the pistols had vanished as if he had never existed, and it was some time before we found how this had been accomplished.

I rushed out almost on his heels, as one might say, and hurriedly questioned my waiting men. They had all seen the tall American come out with the greatest leisure and stroll toward the west. As he was not the man any of them were looking for they paid no further attention to him, as, indeed, is the custom with our Parisian force. They have eyes for nothing but what they are sent to look for.

I ran up the boulevard, my whole thought intent on the diamonds and their bidder. I knew my subordinate in command of the men inside the hall would look after the scoundrel with the pistols. A short distance up I found the stupid fellow I had sent out standing in a dazed manner at the corner of the Rue Michodiere, gazing alternately toward the Place de l'Opéra and down the short street at whose corner he stood. The very fact that he was there was proof he had failed.

"Where is that American?" I cried.

"He went down this street, sir."

"And why are you standing there like a fool?"

"I followed him this far, then a man came up the Rue Michodiere, and without a word the American handed him the jewel-box, turning instantly down the street up which the other had come. The other jumped into a cab and drove toward the Place de l'Opéra."

"And what did you do? Stood here like a post, I suppose?"

"I didn't know what to do, sir. It all happened in a moment."

"Why didn't you follow the cab?"

"I didn't know which to follow, sir, and the cab was gone instantly while I watched the American."

"What was its number?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You clod! Why didn't you call one of our men, whoever was nearest, and leave him to follow the American while you followed the cab?"

"I did shout to the nearest man, sir, but he said you told him to stay there and watch the English lord, and even before he had said that both American and cabman had disappeared."

"Was the man to whom he gave the box an American, too?"

"No, sir; he was French."

"How do you know?"

"By his appearance and the words he spoke."

"I thought you said he didn't speak?"

"He did not speak to the American, sir, but he said to the cabman, 'Drive to the Madeleine as quickly as you can.'"

"Describe the man."

"He was a head shorter than the American, wore a black beard and mustache rather neatly trimmed, and seemed to be a superior sort of artisan."

"You did not take the number of the cab. Would you know the cabman if you saw him again?"

"Yes, sir; I should."

Taking this fellow with me I returned to the now empty auction-room, and there gathered all my men about me. Each in his notebook took down a description of the cabman and his passenger from the lips of my incompetent spy; then I dictated a full description of the two Americans and scattered my men to the various railway stations of the lines leading out of Paris, with orders to make inquiries of the police on duty there, and to arrest one or more of the four persons described should they be so fortunate as to find any of them, which I much doubted.

I now learned how the man with the pistols vanished so completely as he did. My subordinate in the auction-room had speedily solved the mystery. To the left of the main entrance of the auction-room was a door that gave access to the premises in the rear. As the attendant in charge confessed when questioned, he had been bribed by the American earlier in the day to leave this side door open and to allow the man to escape by the goods entrance. Thus the ruffian had not appeared on the boulevard at all, and so had not been observed by any of my men.

Taking my spy with me I returned to my own office, and sent an order throughout the city that every cabman who had been in the Boulevard des Italiens between half-past two and half-past three that afternoon was to report to me. The examination of these men proved a very tedious business indeed, but, whatever other countries may say of us, we French are patient, and if the haystack is searched long enough the needle will be found. I did not discover the needle I was looking for, but I came upon one quite as important, if not more so.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when a cabman answered my oft-repeated question in the affirmative:

"Did you take up a passenger a few minutes past three o'clock on the Boulevard des Italiens, near the Crédit-Lyonnais? Had he a short, black beard? Did he carry a small box in his hand? and order you to drive to the Madeleine?"

The cabman seemed puzzled.

"He had a short, black beard when he got out of the cab," he replied.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I drive a closed cab, sir. When he got in he was a tall, smooth-faced gentleman; when he got out he wore a short, black beard."

"Was he a Frenchman?"

"No, sir; he was a foreigner—either English or American."

"Did he carry a box?"

"No, sir; he had in his hand a small handbag."

"Where did he tell you to drive?"

"He told me to follow the cab in front, which had just driven off very rapidly toward the Madeleine. In fact, I heard the man such as you describe order the other cabman to drive to the Madeleine. I had come up to the curb when this man held up his hand for a cab, but the open cab cut in ahead of me. Just then my passenger stepped up and said in French, but with a foreign accent, 'Follow that cab wherever it goes.'"

I turned with some indignation to my spy.

"You told me," I said, "that the American had gone down a side street. Yet he evidently met a second man, obtained from him the handbag, turned back, and got into the closed cab directly behind you."

"Well, sir," stammered the man, "I could not look in two directions at the same time. The American certainly went down the side street, but, of course, I watched the cab which contained the jewels."

"And you saw nothing of the closed cab right at your elbow?"

"The boulevard was full of cabs, sir, and the pavement crowded with passers-by, as it always is at that hour of the day, and I have only two eyes in my head."

"I am glad to know you had that many, for I was beginning to think you were blind."

Although I said this, I knew in my heart it was useless to censure the poor wretch, for the fault was entirely my own in not sending two men, and in failing to guess the possibility of the jewels and their owner being separated. Besides, here was a clew to my hand at last, and no time must be lost in following it up. So I continued my interrogation of the cabman.

"The other cab was an open vehicle, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"You succeeded in following it?"

"Oh, yes, sir. At the Madeleine the man in front redirected the coachman, who turned to the left and drove to the Place de la Concorde, then up the Champs Élysées to the arch, and so down the Avenue de la Grande Armée and the Avenue de Neuilly to the Pont de Neuilly, where it came to a standstill. My fare got out, and I saw he wore a short, black beard, which he had evidently put on inside the cab. He gave me a ten-franc piece, which was very satisfactory."

"And the fare you were following? What did he do?"

"He got out, paid the cabman, went down the bank of the river and on board a steam launch that seemed to be waiting for him."

"Did he look behind, or appear to know that he was being followed?"

"No, sir."

"And your fare?"

"He ran after the first man, and also went aboard the steam launch, which instantly started down the river."

"And that was the last you saw of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what time did you reach the Pont de Neuilly?"

"I do not know, sir. I had to drive rather fast, but the distance is seven or eight kilometres."

"You would do it under the hour?"

"But certainly, under the hour."

"Then you must have reached there about four o'clock?"

"It is very likely, sir."

The plan of the tall American was now perfectly clear to me, and it comprised nothing that was contrary to law. He

THE CAPTAIN HESITATED, TURNING HIS CAP ABOUT IN HIS HANDS

had evidently placed his luggage on board the steam launch in the morning. The handbag had contained various materials which would enable him to disguise himself, and this bag he had probably left in some shop down the side street, or else some one was waiting with it for him. The giving of the treasure to another man was not so risky as it had at first appeared, because he instantly followed that man, who was probably his confidential servant. Despite the windings of the river there was ample time for the launch to reach Havre before the American steamer sailed on Saturday morning. I surmised it was his intention to come alongside of the steamer before she left her berth in Havre Harbor, and thus transfer himself and his belongings unperceived by any one on watch at the land side of the liner. All this, of course, was perfectly justifiable, and was, in truth, a well-laid scheme for escaping observation. His only danger of being tracked was when he got into the cab. Once away from the neighborhood of the Boulevard des Italiens he was reasonably sure to evade pursuit, and the five minutes which his friend with the pistols had won for him gave him just about the time he needed to get as far as the Place Madeleine, and after that everything was easy. Yet if it had not been for this five minutes secured by coercion I should not have had the slightest excuse for arresting him. But he was accessory after the act in that piece of illegality; in fact, it was absolutely certain that he had been accessory before the act, and guilty of conspiracy with the man who had presented firearms to the auctioneer's audience, and who had interfered with an officer in the discharge of his duty by threatening me and my men. So I was now legally in the right if I arrested every person on board that steam launch.

With a map of the river before me I proceeded to make some calculations. It was now nearly ten o'clock at night. The launch had had six hours to go at its utmost speed. It was doubtful if so small a vessel could make ten miles an hour, even with the current in its favor, which is rather sluggish because of the locks and the level country. Sixty miles would place her beyond Meulan, which is fifty-eight miles from the Pont Royal, and, of course, a lesser distance from the Pont de Neuilly. But the navigation of the river is difficult at all times, and almost impossible after dark. There were chances of the boat running aground, and then there was the inevitable delay at the locks. So I estimated that the launch could not yet have reached Meulan, which was less than twenty-five miles from Paris by rail. Looking up the time-table I saw there were still two trains to Meulan, the next at 10:25, which reached Meulan at 11:40. I had time to reach St. Lazare Station and there do some telegraphing before the train left.

With three of my assistants I got into a cab and drove to the station, sending one of my men to hold the train until I went into the telegraph office, cleared the wires, and got into communication with the lockmaster at Meulan. He replied that no steam launch had passed down since an hour before sunset. I then instructed him to allow the yacht to enter the lock, close the upper gate, let half of the water out, and hold the vessel there until I came. I also ordered the local Meulan police to send enough men to the lock to enforce this command. Lastly, I sent messages all along the river asking the police to report to me on the train the passage of the steam launch.

The 10:25 is a slow train, stopping at every station. However, every drawback has its compensations, and these stoppages enabled me to receive and to send telegraphic messages. I was quite well aware that I might be on a fool's errand in going to Meulan. The yacht might turn before it had steamed a mile, and come back into Paris. There had been no time to learn whether this was so or not if I was to catch the 10:25. Also, it might have landed its passengers anywhere along the river. I may say at once that neither of these two things happened, and my calculations as to her movements were accurate to the letter. But a trap most carefully set may be prematurely sprung by inadvertence, or more often by the overzeal of some stupid ass who fails to understand his instructions, or oversteps them if they are understood. I received a most annoying telegram from Denouval, a lock about thirteen miles above that of Meulan. The local policeman, arriving at the lock, found that the yacht had just cleared. The fool shouted to the captain to return, threatening him with all the pains and penalties of the law if he refused. The captain did refuse, rung on full speed ahead, and disappeared in the darkness. Through this well-meant blunder of an understrapper those on board the launch had received warning that we were on their track. I telegraphed to the lockkeeper at Denouval to allow no craft to pass toward Paris until further orders. We had the launch trapped in a thirteen-mile stretch of water, but the night was pitch dark, and passengers might be landed on either bank with all France before them.

It was midnight when I reached the lock at Meulan, and, as I expected, nothing had been seen or heard of the launch. It gave me some satisfaction to telegraph to that dunderhead at Denouval to walk along the river bank to Meulan, and report if he learnt the launch's whereabouts. We took up our quarters in the lockkeeper's house and waited. There was little sense in sending men to scour the country at this time of night, for the pursued were on the alert, and were not likely to allow themselves to be caught if they did go ashore. On the other hand, there was every chance that the captain would refuse to let them land, because he must know his vessel was in a trap from which he could not escape, and although the demand of the policeman at Denouval was quite unauthorized, nevertheless the captain must be well aware of his danger in refusing to obey that command. Even if he got away for the moment he must know that arrest was certain, and that his punishment would be severe. His only plea could be that he had not heard and understood the order to return. But this plea would be invalidated if he aided in the escape of two men, whom he must now know were wanted by the police. I was, therefore, very confident that if the men demanded to be set ashore the captain would refuse when he had had time to think about his own danger. My estimate proved accurate, for toward one o'clock the lockkeeper came in and said the green and red lights of an approaching craft were visible, and as he spoke the yacht whistled for the opening of the lock. I stood by the lockkeeper while he opened the gates; my men and the local police were concealed on each side of the lock. The launch came slowly in, and as soon as it had done so I asked the captain to step ashore, which he did.

"WHEN HE GOT OUT HE WORE A SHORT, BLACK BEARD"

"I wish a word with you," I said. "Follow me."

I took him into the lockkeeper's house and closed the door.

"Where are you going?"

"To Havre."

"Where did you come from?"

"Paris."

"From what quay?"

"From the Pont de Neuilly."

"When did you leave there?"

"At five minutes to four o'clock this afternoon."

"Yesterday afternoon, you mean?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Who engaged you to make this voyage?"

"An American: I do not know his name."

"He paid you well, I suppose?"

"He paid me what I asked."

"Have you received the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"I may inform you, Captain, that I am chief detective of the French Government, and that all the police of France at this moment are under my control. I ask you, therefore, to be careful of your answers. You were ordered by a policeman at Denouval to return. Why did you not do so?"

"The lockkeeper ordered me to return, but as he had no right to order me, I went on."

"You know very well it was the police who ordered you, and you ignored the command. Again I ask you why you did so?"

"I did not know it was the police."

"I thought you would say that: you knew very well, but were paid to take the risk, and it is likely to cost you dear. You had two passengers aboard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you put them ashore between here and Denouval?"

"No, sir; but one of them went overboard, and we couldn't find him again."

"Which one?"

"The short man."

"Then the American is still aboard?"

"What American, sir?"

"Captain, you must not trifle with me. The man who engaged you is still aboard?"

"Oh, no, sir; he has never been aboard."

"Do you mean to tell me that the second man who came on your launch at the Pont de Neuilly is not the American who engaged you?"

"Oh, no; the American was a smooth-faced man; this man has a black beard."

"Yes, a false beard."

"I did not know that, sir. I understood from the American that I was to take but one passenger. One came aboard with a small box in his hand, the other with a small bag. Each claimed to be the passenger in question. I did not know what to do, so I left with both of them on board."

"Then the tall man with the black beard is still with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Captain, is there anything else you have to tell me? I think you will find it better in the end to make a clean breast of it."

The captain hesitated, turning his cap about in his hands for a few moments, then he said:

"I am not sure that the first passenger went overboard of his own accord. When the police hailed us at Denouval——"

"Ah, you knew it was the police, then?"

"I was afraid after I left it might have been. You see, when the bargain was made with me the American said that if I reached Havre at a certain time a thousand francs extra would be paid to me, so I was anxious to get along as quickly as I could. I told him it was dangerous to navigate the Seine at night, but he paid me well for attempting it. After the policeman called to us at Denouval the man with the small box became very much excited and asked me to put him ashore, which I refused to do. The tall man appeared to be watching him, never letting him get far away. When I heard the splash in the water I ran aft, and I saw the tall man putting the box which the other had held into his handbag, although I said nothing of it at the time. We cruised back and forward about the spot where the other man had gone overboard, but saw nothing more of him. Then I came on to Meulan, intending to give information about what I had seen. That is all I know of the matter, sir."

"Was the man who had the jewels a Frenchman?"

"What jewels, sir?"

"The man with the small box."

"Oh, yes, sir; he was French."

"You hinted that the foreigner threw him overboard. What grounds have you for such a belief if you did not see the struggle?"

"The night is very dark, sir, and I did not see what happened. I was at the wheel in the forward part of the launch with my back turned to these two. I heard a scream, then a splash. If the man had jumped overboard, as the other said he did, he would not have screamed. Besides, as I told you, when I ran aft I saw the foreigner put the little box in his handbag, which he shut up quickly, as if he did not wish me to notice."

"Very good, Captain. If you have told the truth it will go easier with you in the investigation that is to follow."

I now turned the captain over to one of my men, and ordered in the foreigner with his bag and bogus black whiskers. Before questioning him I ordered him to open the handbag, which he did with evident reluctance. It was filled with false whiskers, false mustaches and various bottles, but on top of them all lay the jewel-case. I raised

(Continued on Page 21)

War as the Woman Sees It

A Near View of the Incidents and Influences of a Great War

By Rebecca Harding Davis

ONE of the most dramatic pictures of the Civil War which remains in my memory is the departure of a company of Virginia boys to join General Lee. They left secretly and at night, as the Federal troops were in possession of all the passes in the neighborhood. But they met in the evening at the home of their captain to receive, before they went, their colors from his mother's hand. He was nothing but a boy—they all were boys, in fact. And "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a moonlight night, and the young men gathered on the lawn under the trees. When she came out on the high steps of the veranda she carried a tattered old flag. Her son came up and stood before her.

"Your grandfather fought under it at Valley Forge," she said; "he, too, went to meet the invader." She had a little speech all ready to make, but she broke down here, and thrust the old flag into his hand, crying, "Oh, Tom, you'll never come back to me." And he knelt, kissing her hands and crying over them, and the boys drew out their brand-new swords and waved them about. But not one of them could cheer.

A month later I stood on the porch of a country house on Staten Island with Robert Shaw's mother, another most true and womanly woman, who had sent out her boy at the head of a negro troop. She showed me his watch, shattered by a bullet, that he had sent to her—after a battle.

"It saved his life," she said; "I think he will come back to me. But if he never comes back——" and her face glowed and her eyes shone.

A few weeks later he lay dead, buried beneath his black soldiers. These are two true pictures, and I know they are the only kind which this generation wishes to see of the Civil War. Novels and magazines are filled nowadays with stories of gallant boys and noble old men from every free and every slave State dying for the cause they loved. We all like to think that that great national convulsion was caused by an outbreak of pure patriotism, of chivalry, of self-sacrifice in both South and North.

Measurably, that is true. But there were phases of the long struggle familiar enough to us who lived then which never have been painted for posterity. There were, for instance, regiments on both sides which had been wholly recruited from the worst elements.

This class of the soldiery raged like wild beasts through the mountains of the border States. They burned, they murdered men, women and children, they cut out the tongues of old men who would not answer their questions. Again, it must be remembered that a large number of men in both armies did not, as we imagine, volunteer in a glow of patriotic zeal for an idea—to save either the Union or the Confederacy—to free the negro or to defend State's rights. They were not all fervid, chivalric Robert Shaws or Robert Lees. They went into the army simply to earn a living. This was especially true in the border States during the later years of the war. Every industry, except those necessary for the maintenance of the army, had then come to a full stop. The war was the sole business of the nation. With many laboring men the only choice was to enlist or starve.

A large proportion of recruits, too, during these later years were drafted, and served only because they could not afford to pay for a substitute. So unwilling were the men outside of the army to go into it that if a citizen were drafted he was obliged to pay from $400 to $2000 bounty for a man to be shot at in his place. Substitutes were cheaper in '64, because then every incoming steamer brought swarms of Germans, Huns and Irish to profit by this new industry.

We don't often look into these unpleasant details of our great struggle. We all prefer to think that every man who wore the blue or gray was a Philip Sidney at heart. These are sordid facts that I have dragged up.

But—they are facts. And because we have hidden them our young people have come to look upon war as a kind of beneficent deity which not only adds glory to the national honor but uplifts a people and develops patriotism and courage.

That is all true. But it is only fair, too, to let them know that the garments of the deity are filthy and that her influences debase and befoul a people.

There was one curious fact which I do not remember ever to have seen noticed in histories of the war, and that was its effect upon the nation as individuals. Men and women thought and did noble and mean things that would have been impossible to them before or after. A man cannot drink old Bourbon long and remain in his normal condition. We did not drink Bourbon, but blood. No matter how gentle or womanly we might be, we read, we talked, we thought perforce of nothing but slaughter. So many hundreds dead here, so many thousands there, were our last thoughts at night and the first in the morning. The effect was very like that produced upon a household in which there has been a long illness. There was great religious exaltation and much peevish ill temper. Under the long, nervous strain the softest women became fierce partisans, deaf to arguments or pleas for mercy. Nothing would convince some of the most intellectual women in New England that their Southern sisters were not all Hecates, habitually employed in flogging their slaves; while Virginia girls believed that the wives of the men who invaded their homes were all remorseless, bloodthirsty harpies.

We no longer gave our old values to the conditions of life. Our former ideas of right and wrong were shaken to the base. The ten commandments, we began to suspect, were too old-fashioned to suit this present emergency.

I knew, for instance, of a company made up of the sons and grandsons of old Scotch Covenanters. They were educated, gallant young fellows. They fought bravely, and in the field or in hospital were kind and humane to their foes. But they came home, when disbanded, with their pockets full of spoons and jewelry which they had found in farmhouses, looted and burned on Sherman's march to the sea; and they gave them around to their sweethearts as souvenirs of the war.

The poet, Colonel Paul Hayne, told me that after the war was over he had a letter from a man in New York stating that he had several pieces of the Hayne old family plate and would like to know the meaning of the crest and motto.

"To the victors belong the spoils" was the excuse for all these things.

On the other hand, the natural high tension of feeling in the whole nation during those years made noble, heroic deeds easy. Both armies were quick to recognize individual acts of courage in their foes and to be proud of them because they were done by Americans.

I remember that an old Confederate soldier once told me of the death of Theodore Winthrop, a gallant Northern officer, famous before the war began as the author of two remarkable novels.

"Winthrop's regiment," he said, "was driven back. But he would not be driven back. He rushed forward alone to the top of the hill, sprang upon a fallen tree, and waved his sword, shouting to his men to follow. They did not follow. A dozen bullets pierced his breast. He swung to and fro, still shouting. I never saw a more heroic figure. When he fell a groan burst from the Confederate ranks. It was the death of a great soldier." And the tears stood in his old eyes, though many years had passed since he saw the boy die.

It may be that the glow of love for their country which warmed men's hearts then made kindly and noble deeds easier to them. But they were common enough through all that long brutality of slaughter.

There was one regiment, for instance, which, after a battle in the West Virginia Mountains, near Romney, came up to a burned farmhouse; the owner, a young countryman in a gray uniform, lay dead in the barnyard. His wife crouched beside him, his head in her arms. They found that she, too, was dead, shot through the breast. Near by sat a boy baby, two years old, who looked into their faces and laughed. This reads like a cheap story from the Sunday papers, but it is a fact. The men took the child with them and cared for it on their march. The only food they had fit to give it was hard-tack, soaked in milk, and it throve and grew fat on the queer diet under the care of its many foster-fathers. A year later they brought the boy to Pittsburg and put him into an orphan asylum. He had no name but Hard-Tack, but he was rich in friends.

The hospitals, the care of the sick and wounded, kindled innumerable fires of sympathy and friendship in the midst of the universal enmity.

During those years of fierce struggle some little incident hourly showed how knit together at heart were the "two huge armed mobs," as Von Moltke called them, that were busy in slaughtering each other.

I remember a little story told me by Colonel Thomas Biddle which will show you what I mean.

The colonel, then a young man on the staff of one of the Federal generals—which, I have forgotten—was ordered one day to reconnoitre the country lying around the camp, which was near Culpeper. He rode far into the hills until late in the afternoon, and, being hungry, stopped at a lonely farmhouse, tied his horse to the fence, and went in.

A raw-boned woman welcomed him.

"You're for the Union, eh?" she said. "So are we. Lookin' up the Secesh troops, I reckon. No, there's none of them about hyah. Teddy, see to the gentleman's horse."

A red-headed boy grinned and disappeared.

"Had no dinner? I ken give ya nothin' but bread an' buttermilk. But it's fine buttermilk."

"If I have a weakness for anything it's for buttermilk," the colonel said in telling the story. "And this was fresh, the butter floating in yellow flakes on top, a drink for the gods. I sat and ate and sipped it slowly, and she watched me with her beady black eyes.

"'Now, whahabouts in the North do you come from?' she said.

"'Philadelphia.'

"'Oh!' Her face changed suddenly. 'Thah's a hospital thah; on Cherry Street. I reckon you don't know nothin' about it?' She leaned over the table, her face keen and eager.

"'Of course I know it,' I said. 'I used to go there often. It cheers the boys up for somebody to look in on them.'

"Her eyes glittered with excitement. 'Thah's other boys than Yankees thah. Secesh; them as is wounded. My son's thah; he lost one leg.'

"'What's your son's name?'

"'Name of Briscoe.'

"'Jem Briscoe? A long-jawed, lean fellow, with red hair?'

"'That's Jem,' she leaned, panting, over the table. 'Foh God's sake! You seen Jem?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'and liked him. I used to bring him tobacco sometimes and such trifles——'

"She sprang at me and fairly dragged me to my feet.

"'You knew Jem? You've been good to him! An' I've brought the men on you! Go! Foh God's sake! They'll shoot you for a spy—go! Thah they are!'

"I looked out of the window. A dozen mounted men were galloping up through the gorge.

"I rushed out of the house, threw myself on my horse, and dashed down the glen. I heard her yell:

"'I didn't know! Oh, make haste! Foh God's sake!'

"I drew my pistols from the holster, but they were dripping wet. Teddy had seen to that before he warned the rebels, whose camp was just behind the hill

"Well, it was a hard race, but I won it. They fired a dozen bullets after me. I had good luck and reached the camp. It's queer, but from that day to this I can't taste buttermilk without a sick qualm at the stomach."

This story, too, sounds like a bit out of a novel. But I give it exactly as the colonel told it to me.

There was another curious incident which I know to be true in every detail

A young man named Carroll enlisted in a Michigan regiment which the next day was ordered to Virginia. He had no kinsfolk but a sister, a young girl, who was neither mad nor an idiot, but was what the kindly Irish call "innocent." They believe that such half-witted, harmless folk are under the especial guardianship of God

When Ellen was told that her brother had gone to the war she followed him as a matter of course

"Why, Joe couldn't get along in those strange countries without me," she said. "Who would cook for him or take care of him?"

She had but a few dollars, and soon lost them in the cars She carried nothing with her but a little bag filled with Joe's neckties and bits of finery which she thought he would need.

"I will see him to-morrow, and he will buy me clothes and all I want there," she said

I have told Ellen's story elsewhere in detail, and shall only say here that this pretty, innocent girl traveled in safety thousands of miles, alone and penniless, and when she reached the Virginia Mountains, wandered on foot from camp to camp, searching for her brother, always safe and unharmed.

In the universal hurly-burly and overturn of order in the country all kinds of eccentric folk rushed into notice to fill the public eye for the moment and then to disappear. Every day brought a new preacher who had gone up to heaven's gates the night before, and who could give us the exact opinion of Washington or Moses or St. Paul upon the war and its probable ending.

Men and women whose eccentric ideas had been smothered hitherto now blazoned them forth, unchecked; or if they had a gift for leadership, or organization, or for making money, the field, the spectators and the reward all now were ready for them

I knew one lad of sixteen who had saved, dime by dime, a couple of hundred dollars. When father and brothers were rushing, guns in hand, to the battlefield, he sat down to calculate how he could invest his money profitably

"What is there in the South that will be kept out of the Northern market by the war?" he questioned.

Turpentine! The idea was an inspiration.

He hurried out, spent every penny in turpentine, stored it for four years, and with the profits laid the foundation of a huge fortune.

Some of the great fortunes of this country, by the way, were made by contractors in this war.

The birth of the millionaire among us and the disease of money getting with which he infected the nation are not usually reckoned among the results of the great struggle. But they are the results, and are quite as important factors in our history as is the liberation of the negro.

A townsman of the turpentine lad had not his idea of glory. He was the scampish fellow of the town. No family nor church ever fathered or trained him. He made up his mind to take part in the war, single-handed. He had a good horse and got a commission as colonel from the Confederacy donned the gray uniform, and rode through the Virginia border, leaving a trail of terror behind him. At last, in Moundsville, on the Ohio, he met a little Federal captain who had brought down $20,000 to pay the troops of the Mountain Department, and was talking about it too loudly Jem held up the little man, took his money, turned it into the Southern treasury, and, worst of all, sent the poor boy home on parole, to fight no more for his country

Another singular feature of the war, which I think nobody had described, was the hopeless confusion which followed its close. When Johnny came marching home again he was a very disorganized member of society, and hard to deal with You cannot take a man away from his work in life, whether that be selling sugar, practicing law, or making shoes, and set him to march and fight for five years, without turning his ideas and himself topsy-turvy. The older men fell back into the grooves more readily than the lads, who had been fighting when, in ordinary times, they would have been plodding through Cicero or algebra. Some of them harked back to college to gather up the knowledge they had missed; some of them took up awkwardly the tools of their trades, and some of them took to drink and made an end of it. The social complications of the readjustment were endless and droll.

I remember that a friend of mine, a venerable, gray-haired college professor, when hearing a class of freshmen at the beginning of the term in '66, was struck by the peculiar hoarse voice of a boy from the South. When the class was over he said to him:

"I beg your pardon, but do you know Cato's Soliloquy?"

"Yes, sah," the lad said, blushing.

"Do you remember that two years ago you were detailed to guard a sheep-pen in a Texan camp in which were some Yankee prisoners? It was a moonlight night, and as you marched up and down you thundered out.

Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else why this pleasing doubt——

"I've no doubt I did," said the Texan. "But how—— Where were you, sah?"

"Oh," said the old doctor, "*I* was in the pen"

The effervescence simmered down at last. Men standing up as targets to be shot at are all of one height, but in peace each gradually found his level again.

I have not spoken of the great results of this national convulsion: we all know them. I have only tried in these bits of gossip to hint at certain minor influences which it exerted on our character. One of the most wholesome of these, oddly enough, was that the war made of us a homogeneous people, which we never had been before. The Pennsylvania Dutchman and the Californian learned to know each other as they sat over the camp fire at night, and when the war was over they knew the Southerner better and liked him more than they had done before they set out to kill him.

Another good result was that the war uplifted the whole lives of such men as went into it with a noble purpose. The farmer, the salesman, the shoemaker took up the dull burden of his workaday life again, and carries it still. But he never forgets that for five years he, too, was Achilles—of the race of heroes. The fact that for one mile in his long journey he worked, not for money, but for a great idea, must be for him always a helpful and uplifting memory.

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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CHAPTER IX—THE FLAG OF TRUCE

WE WERE not interrupted during all this time, and from the sound of the screw we could tell that the yacht was still plowing her way, but clearly it was not now for Buenos Ayres. At six we took some food prepared by the cook and considered the position with more equanimity. Counting the cook, who had not been reckoned in our previous numbering, we were now reduced to a party of ten men, if Pye could be so accounted a man after his cowardly behavior. There were six sailors in the hold at present useless, and the mutineers, even after their losses, were not far short of thirty. Of Legrand we knew nothing, but could only hope for the best. So long as we could hold the saloon we had plenty of food and water, and our stock of ammunition was ample. The outlook did not appear so bad. Only, on the other side, we had to remember that Holgate had the ship and could go whither he wished. Even if coal failed him he had the auxiliary power of the sails. Our main hope was to hold out until his provisions should be exhausted and he should be obliged to put into some port. Then would come the hour of reckoning, for we were probably better supplied with provisions than was the forecastle. The ladies breakfasted in their cabins, but the Prince was present at our common table, showing a right democratic attitude.

"We are all in a common peril, gentlemen," he said with spirit; "we must not make differences But there must be discipline," he added

There was, therefore, a certain *camaraderie* reigning which had been foreign to the yacht before, and Lane gave way to his native garrulity, enlivening the table by some anecdotes, at which even Barraclough condescended to smile.

"My hat!" cried the purser suddenly, slapping his flank. "They've not got what they fought for, and we've none of us thought of it."

There was a pause. It was true none of us had thought of it, we had been too busy thinking of other things.

"Are you sure?" said I.

Lane rose. "Let's go and see," said he. "But I've all the keys, and I'll swear no one came down in the neighborhood of the strong-room while I was there."

"MAY THE LORD HELP YOU," SAYS HE IN HIS VOICE OF SUET

We trooped down, Prince and all, and it was as the purser had said: the safes were untouched. Barraclough elevated his eyebrows.

"The fools!" he commented.

"Well, it doesn't seem to me quite that," said I slowly; "it only looks as if Holgate was certain."

"What do you mean?" he asked, and they all looked at me.

"Why, if he did not take the trouble to touch *this* he cannot be in a hurry. I never came upon a man with a cooler head. He's not in a hurry, that's a fact. It's been deliberate all through, from the very moment we left the Thames

We looked at each other now. "Jerusalem!" said Lane "What a savage! He's made sure of us, then."

"He can wait his time," I said. "He has waited, and can wait longer. The ship's in his hands."

"You take a gloomy view, sir," observed the Prince with a frown

"Well, Mr. Morland," I replied dryly, "I don't think we're here to gloze matters over. We've got to face things, and one of these things is that Holgate hasn't worried us since he got possession. How are you going to account for that save on my hypothesis?"

"They shall be hanged—every one," he exclaimed angrily, the German accent emerging roughly now.

"Well, we'll do our best, sir," I replied lightly.

I shut the strong-room door, and Lane locked it; and, as I turned, I saw the white face of Pye in the background. He had been missing from breakfast and he looked very sickly, very pale, and very much abashed. The Prince noticed him, too, and addressed him sharply.

"Why are you here, sir? What do you mean by leaving your quarters? I will have discipline kept on this ship."

"I have no quarters," pleaded Pye humbly. "I was feeling sick, and lay down in my bunk."

"You shall get to your quarters now, sir," declared the Prince severely. "Sir John, order this man to his post."

The little man was so downcast, and was obviously so unwell, that I took pity on him and cheered him as we went upstairs.

"Never mind, Pye," I said. "We'll pull through"

He shook his head. "Ah, it isn't that," he said. "But I disgraced myself, Doctor. I'm not built that way It was awful—awful." He shuddered.

"Yes, we'll get our little tum-tums full of it now, I guess," remarked Lane cheerfully. "You freeze on to your barker, boy. You'll need it before we fetch up at Albert Docks again. It's Execution Docks for some of us, I'll lay. Have a cigar, Doctor?"

I accepted, but Pye refused, turning a sallow hue. His nerves had not yet recovered. Ellison and Jackson were on watch below, and when we reached the corridor Grant signaled us in a whisper from his peephole

"Some one coming along this way, sir."

Barraclough sprang to his side. "By thunder, it's Holgate," he said, "with a flag of truce."

"Open that door," said the Prince evenly

Grant turned the key and drew the bolt, and the door fell ajar. Holgate's big form was stationed before it, and he waved a flag.

"A truce, gentlemen," he said wheezily.

I looked at the Prince and Barraclough for the answer, and to my amazement saw that the former had his revolver at the level. His finger was on the trigger. I leaped forward and struck it up, and the bullet buried itself in the walls of the cabin

"What do you mean, sir?" he thundered, turning on me savagely. "How dare you?"

"Mr. Morland," said I, "you spoke of discipline a little while ago. Well, how do you keep it?"

"This is my ship," he said furiously.

"Yes," said I, "and it is in the charge of Sir John Barraclough here, who will tell you, perhaps, that it is against the laws of equity, not to say common sense, to fire on a flag of truce."

Sir John looked uneasy "The doctor is right, sir," he said. "We ought to hear what he's got to say."

"He is a villainous murderer. I will see that they are hanged," said the Prince with a scowl at me; but he let his arm fall. Behind him I could see the Princess, but her face was averted

Holgate's figure blocked the doorway. "If I may come in," he said smoothly, "and you're quite done with your pistol practice, gentlemen, I should like to make a proposal to you."

"It shall be unconditional surrender, Sir John Barraclough," said the Prince morosely; "I will have no other terms."

"You may come in," said Barraclough shortly.

Holgate edged himself through. "I claim the protection of this flag," said he fatly, and looked about him. "I hope my men haven't knocked you about too much. Doctor, my respects to you. You've got a head on you."

"Come to business, sir," said Barraclough harshly.

"Sir John, I've saved your ship, and I hope you'll lay that to my credit," said Holgate in his leisurely voice. "I found her drifting on a lee shore when I took charge, and, by thunder, she'd have foundered in another half hour. So whatever you set on one side of the ledger, there's that lump on the other."

"We're not here to talk about these matters," said Barraclough sternly.

"Excuse me, Sir John, we are," said Holgate sweetly; "we're just on that and nothing else. It's pretty clear how you stand, but if you like I'll rehearse the situation. And I want you to understand where *I* stand. See? I don't think that's so clear to you; and I want ventilation. This is a duffing game for his Royal Highness there. He stands to make nothing out of it, as things go, and there's precious little in it for any of you. Here you are, prisoners in these palatial rooms, outnumbered by more than two to one, and not a man of his hands among you, if I except the doctor. Well, you can hold out, I dare say. I know all about that. You've got a call on the food hole, and you're welcome to it. But I've got the yacht, and she'll canter under my hands, not Sir John's. Don't you make any mistake. You're not in a first class position, gentlemen."

"You're a long time coming to the point," said Barraclough with exemplary curtness. "We have no time to waste."

"Well, gentlemen, I'm willing to make a deal—that's the short of it: a deal that will suit both parties. That's the pith of the situation."

He gazed from one to another of us unembarrassed, and even with an expression of amiable cheerfulness. "And my proposal's this——"

"Unconditional surrender," broke in the Prince's harsh voice.

"That so?" said Holgate without concern, directing a glance at the speaker. "I guess, Mr. Morland, you're in this for more than your health. So am I. But I should like to know before starting whom I've got to deal with, just by way of encouragement, so to say." He paused. "I don't want to pry into any secrets, but it would suit me better if I knew whom to address. Owing to the unfortunate decease of the late Captain Day——"

"You ruffian, you bloody murderer!" broke fiercely out of Lane's throat. "You'll hang yet, by Heaven, or I'll eat my hat!"

Holgate turned his heavy face and still, sombre eyes upon the purser, but said nothing, nor otherwise marked his outburst. It was Barraclough who spoke.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lane, this is my affair, not yours," he said abruptly. "Go on, sir," to Holgate.

"I can wait, of course," said the mutineer with cool irony. "There isn't much hurry about the matter now the ship lays her course. But I should prefer a business deal with business people, and I take it that that means with you, Sir John."

THE JOKE SENT GRAY OFF AGAIN

Barraclough nodded. "You may address me," he said, "and you will get your answer from me."

"That's all right, then; and having settled so much, this is what I've got to lay before you," proceeded Holgate placidly, breathing out his words. "There's been a certain amount of pawntaking in this game, and we've both got to pass it over if we're coming to business. Now, you know what I want, and by this time you pretty well ought to know what you want also. You're in a tight fix. Well, if you'll hand over the contents of the strong-room we'll get out a proper contract, as thus: self to take the said contents, agreeing therewith to allow his Royal Highness, or Mr. Morland (which you will), a moiety of the same, provided that the party be landed at a suitable place not more than ten miles from a civilized town, and provided always that no more be heard of the steps leading up to this contract."

He came to a pause and eyed us with a gaze divested of any eagerness, even of any significance. The Prince uttered a loud laugh, but Barraclough, as became his position, kept his expression. I was a little out of the group and I could pick out the faces of the company. The Princess had moved forward and leaned now with her chin on her open palm, and one foot upon the settee near the door. She was frankly staring at the mutineer who made these astounding proposals. The Prince and Barraclough conferred in whispers, and presently the latter resumed his position.

"If you want the contents of the strong-room," he said "it is suggested that you had better come and take them."

Holgate's eyebrows went up. "Well, I could do that, of course," he said slowly. "Don't suppose I've overlooked that solution of the little problem. But I'm dealing with you squarely when I say I'd rather not. For why? Because I don't want any further mess. We've slopped about enough for the present, and I should say you gentlemen know it."

He paused again, as if to give us an opportunity of revising our decision, and once more the Prince and Sir John interchanged whispers. Barraclough shook his head vigorously, and a frown gathered on his features. In the fine light of the skylights Princess Alix's silhouette stood out, and the soft hair on her forehead was ruffled by the breeze. She was still gazing at Holgate. His bull-neck turned and he faced toward her, and their glances met. Neither gave way nor winced before the salvos of the other, and I had the odd thought that some strange duel was in progress, in which the antagonists were that fair woman and that villainous, gross man. Holgate's eyes shifted only when Barraclough spoke next.

"If you leave the yacht at the next port or place of call we shall be powerless to prevent you and the men under you," said Barraclough in a dry, formal voice. "Otherwise the mutiny will be, of course, reported to the British consul at the most accessible port."

"That's a compromise, I reckon," observed Holgate with a grin which showed his fang. "That's owner and first officer commanding rolled into one and halved, or I'm Dutch. Well, I'll let it go; but I've offered fair terms. And I'll tell you frankly that I wouldn't even have offered those had it not been for the doctor." He shook his head, wagging it at me. "Oh, Doctor, Doctor, to think what I lost in you! Why, we could have taken our time over the strong-room, barring your little intervention. You're a real daisy, and I won't forget it. But now it's in the hands of Providence. It's war. Sir John, I congratulate the double-barreled leaders. There's two captains here, and that's one too many. I only allow one in my quarters. All right, gentlemen."

He took up his flag and waddled toward the door. "Good-morning. I've done what I could. Don't blame me."

On the threshold he paused, and his glance marched deliberately over us all, landing at last upon the Princess. "May the Lord help you," says he in his voice of suet. "May the Lord be merciful to you—all!"

The door went behind him with a snap. I turned almost unconsciously in that direction in which the last shafts of his eyes had flown. The accent on the "all" had been perceptible. Princess Alix had lifted her chin from her hand and set down her foot. She held on to the arm of the settee, and I could perceive her trembling. Her face had gone white like paper, and she stared at the closed door. I moved quickly toward her, for I was a doctor, if I had no other right there. My arrival broke upon her thoughts; she started, and the color flowed back slowly into her face

"That man is the most awful man I have ever seen," she said with a shudder.

"He is not so awful as he thinks," I said encouragingly

She shook her head and moved away. I followed her "If I might suggest, I would advise you to take a rest," I said. "You have had a most trying night."

"Yes, I will rest," she returned with a sigh; and then, as we walked down the corridor together, "I thought you were right when you spoke to—to my brother in regard to the revolver; but now I don't know. I think anything that would rid the world of such a monster is justifiable."

"Perhaps," I replied, "but he is making war, and we are on terms of war, and more or less bound by them. At least that is one's general notion. But who can tell? The ethical boundaries and the borders of honor are indefinable and intangible."

"I think I would have shot him myself," she said vehemently.

"I hope we shall hang him yet," I answered.

She looked at me out of her blue, lustrous eyes, as if deliberating

"We depend a good deal on you, Doctor Phillimore," she said next

"We are all dependent on one another," said I.

"Do you suppose that man meant what he said?" she asked

"No," I said. "I should distrust every statement of his. I can't determine what was in his mind or what he is aiming at. But this I know, that to make a compact with him would be to be at his mercy. He is ruthless; he would not consider what blood he shed; and, besides, he has committed himself too deeply, and is no fool to ignore that."

She sighed again. "I am glad," she murmured; "I thought perhaps that it would be wise—but my brother would never consent. Only I was afraid—but I am glad it would have been of no use. That makes only one course possible."

"Only one," I said gravely. We came to a pause by the door of the cabin. "I think I had better see to mademoiselle," I said, "in case of emergencies."

"Yes, please," she said with a start, and opened the door of the boudoir.

Mademoiselle, clad in a wonderful dishabille, was seated under the electric light, engaged in a game of dominoes with her maid, and just threw a glance at us as we entered

"There . . . *tenez* . . . *là, là*," she said excitedly, and marked her board and scrambled up the dominoes in a heap

"Juliette has won never," she cried in her broken English "I have won three times. Where is Frederic, *ma chérie?* He is not fighting? *Non?*"

"There is no fighting now, Yvonne," replied the Princess with admirable restraint, as it seemed to me. "Frederic is well"

"Oh, but the noise in the night," she rattled on in her own tongue. "It was dreadful. I could not sleep for the guns. It was abominable to mutiny. Ah, it is the doctor. Pardon, this light is not good, and they have boarded up the windows. We must live in darkness," she added peevishly. "But how are you, Doctor? You have not been to cheer us lately. It is a dull ship."

"Why, we consider it pretty lively, mademoiselle," I answered lightly. "It keeps us occupied."

"Ah, yes," she laughed. "But that is over now, and you will only have to dispose of the prisoners, to guillotine? No; to hang?"

"It is we who are prisoners," said the Princess abruptly.

Mademoiselle stared. "*Mon Dieu!* Prisoners! Oh, but it is not so, Alix. Juliette, shuffle, or I will box your ears, silly. Whose prisoners are we?"

"The staterooms, mademoiselle, are cut off from the rest of the ship," I explained. "Are you prepared to stand a siege?"

"Oh, but we have gallant defenders enough," she said with her pretty laugh. "I am not afraid. It will be experience. Juliette, open, open, stupid. Do not stare at monsieur like a pig. Play."

I passed out, the Princess following me. "When I left her she was in tears," she said in a low voice.

"She may be in tears again," I said. "But at present she wants no help from me. She suffices entirely for herself."

Our eyes encountered, and I am sure of what I saw in hers. If we met on no other ground we met on a curious understanding of mademoiselle. I took my leave ceremoniously.

CHAPTER X—LEGRAND'S WINK

AS I WENT down the corridor the figure of little Pye sprang out upon me from somewhere.

"Doctor," he said in a piteous voice. I stayed. "Doctor, I'm very ill. I'm just awful."

I looked at him closely. The flesh under his eyes was blue; the eyes themselves were bloodshot, and his hands shook. I felt his pulse, and it was racing.

"You're in a blue funk, Pye," said I severely.

He groaned. "Anything. I'll admit anything, Doctor. But for Heaven's sake let me go down to my bunk. I'll pull together there, I'll swear it."

"You'll go down and drink too much," I said.

"Not if you'll give me something. There must be lots of things," he pleaded. "I've never seen—I'm not fitted for this. Oh, Doctor, I've only lived in a street before, a suburb, Tulse Hill. Think of that."

His voice cracked, and with the ghost of his favorite trick, his fingers quavered with the glasses on his nose. I took a pity for the creature, a pity in which there was naturally some disgust.

"Very well," I said. "Go down, and I'll make it all right. I'll pay you a visit later."

He thanked me and scuttled away like a rabbit, and I sought Barraclough and explained.

"Ill?" said he, "well, if he's ill——"

"He's ill enough to count," I said. "He's in a dead funk, and about as much use as a radish."

Barraclough's nose wrinkled in smiling contempt.

"Better make him steward and promote Jackson," he said. "He's part of a man, at any rate. They'll be on us before we know where we are."

"Do you think so?" I asked. "Well, to say the truth, Holgate puzzles me. Why did he make that offer?"

"Because he'll find it infernally difficult to get in here," said Barraclough easily. "Because it's a frontal attack all the way, and a costly business. If it's a case of half the party going to glory they'll look out for a cheaper way first. That's why."

"You may be right," I answered. "But Holgate isn't exactly particular, and, anyway, I want to find out."

"Find out?" he echoed in surprise.

"Well, Holgate used a flag. Why shouldn't I in my turn?" I asked.

He screwed up his mouth. "Well, I don't know," said he. "I won't say you nay, but—look here, there's risk, Phillimore. You say Holgate isn't particular. To put it plainly, he's a black-hearted swine."

"You couldn't put it too plainly," I replied. "But I have my notion, and I may not be wrong. He's black enough, God knows, but I think I've gauged him a little. Why didn't he push the assault? Why doesn't he now? No, Holgate's not all plain and easy. It's not like reading print. I'm hanged if I know what he's up to, but whatever it is it's bad. And, somehow, I feel my way along this, and I don't think he'll do any harm for the present. Call it faith—call it instinct—call it superstition if you will."

He bit his mustache doubtfully. "You're on duty in an hour," he objected.

"I'll be back before," I answered. "And another thing, Barraclough, there's Legrand.

Oh, they'll want a doctor."

"That's true. Well, God bless you," said he, placidly yielding, and unlocked the door.

I had provided myself with a flag and now emerged upon the deck, clasping it in one hand.

I walked past the barred windows of the music-room and saloon, and past the smoking-room beyond, until I was level with the chart-house. I was on the windward side of the yacht, and she was heeling gently as she ran down the coast-line under a full head of steam. Above me I could discern also the white spread of her wings, and from the look of the long white water that leaped and fell off her sides in a welter I guessed that we must be footing it to a pretty tune. If poor McCrae had been right in estimating her rate at eighteen knots she could not be making much less than sixteen now.

The sails were full of noise, and the wind rattled and sang in the ventilators. The first sight that struck me as I came back square with the bridge was a man swinging in a traveling cradle, and leisurely painting the funnel. It seemed so peaceful an occupation and so strangely out of accord with those bloody transactions of the night that I started in wonder. Then my eyes went to the bridge and marked something more in keeping with the situation; for the bridge had been boarded about in the rear and sides with a wall of timber, so that the helmsman and the man in charge, Holgate or another, were invisible from the deck below, as also from the hurricane deck. I suppose that this structure had been put together in the memory of the Prince's prowess and of his ruthless performances from the hurricane deck.

I advanced to the end of the deck and hailed the forecastle, waving my flag.

"Is Mr. Holgate there?" I called out. "I wish to see him," and again I waved my flag.

A man came into the open on the deck below and stared up at me; and presently after he was joined by another, whom I recognized as Gray. They exchanged words, and I knew also from a sound overhead that some one was peering at me from the bridge. Once more I called out for Holgate, brandishing my flag vigorously; and then I heard Holgate's voice below.

"Hold on, Doctor!"

He emerged into my line of vision, and with him was Pierce, his lank, red face upturned to me, his lower jaw in its socket. Gray gesticulated, indicating me, and Holgate stood passively gazing at me. Suddenly the ex-boatswain put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a revolver, and presented at me. It was the work of a moment. Holgate struck his arm up, and the bullet whizzed past me and banged into the chart-house.

"Steady there, Doctor," said Holgate. "Glad to see you. Just in time, wasn't I? Step along down there." I moved toward the ladder and descended to the lower deck, where Holgate met me.

"Difficult to keep our respective men in hand, isn't it, Doctor?" he said with a quizzical look. "But I won't have any firing on a flag of truce any more than you. You and I keep to the code of honor."

"MON DIEU! PRISONERS! . . . WHOSE PRISONERS ARE WE?"

I could have sworn that the piece of comedy which had just been performed had been his. I knew for certain now that this was his jest, this crude and savage joke that was in the margin of tragedy and might have gone over the border. But what would he care, this infamous man of astute intelligence, cold cunning and ruthless determination? His eyes twinkled, and he laughed now so as to disclose his abominable fang.

"We are now quits, eh, Doctor?" he said. "His Royal Highness would have had me but for you, and now Pierce yonder would have potted you but for me. I like honorable warfare." He chuckled.

"Well," said I cheerfully, for I was resolved to take him in his own way, "then the Prince's offense is wiped out. He is forgiven."

"Oh, there's nothing to forgive about the Prince," said Holgate indifferently. "I don't want him. I want his safe. What's a prince or two?" He looked at me narrowly. "Shall we get to business? Changed your minds?"

"There's not the slightest chance of that," I answered. "You may set that on record."

"Say, I will," said he, unexpectedly turning, and called out, "Pierce, Gray, come here. Just listen to the whoop our cockerels give up there. Now, Doctor, spit it out."

"I have nothing to add to my statement that there is no chance of any terms," I said sharply.

"Think of that," observed Holgate to the others; "they don't know what's good for them. Well, let 'em alone, Doctor. Let 'em stew in their juice. They'll come round in a brace of shakes, after a little argument, let's say."

Gray guffawed, and Pierce grinned, his thin face puckering to his eyes, an unpleasing sight. It was clear who was master here. Holgate commanded by the sheer force of his individuality and his coolness.

"Well, to what do we owe the honor of this visit?" went on Holgate easily. "Come to borrow some of our provisions? Strikes me you're a bit fond of the forecastle. We shall have to make room for you. Got room for a little one inside, Pierce?"

The joke sent Gray off again, but I was aware that this gross fooling was as much a piece of acting as had been the feint of shooting at me. He was playing to an audience, and that audience a gallery that dealt only in crude fun. Why did he do it? What was his object? He puzzled me. But I made answer very plainly.

"You know my profession, Mr. Holgate. We had a second officer——" I paused.

"Have," he corrected mildly. "Have; not, of course, on active service—resting, let us say."

Gray giggled. His master was as good as the clown in a circus to his tickled ears. Holgate looked at me.

"There's nothing much the matter with Legrand," he went on, "save natural chagrin and a crack on the head. You see, I got him just so"—he put both hands together in a comprehensive gesture—"and it interfered with his vertebræ. But better see him, Doctor, better see him; and while you're about it we've got a job or two more for you."

I followed him, as he spoke, toward the forecastle deck, and soon was busy in my professional capacity, Holgate chatting the while very wheezily in my ear; and when I had finished he had the hatch opened and I descended to the prisoners.

"I'm accompanying you, Doctor," explained Holgate, "not because I'm going to spy on you—that would be mean, and not in the game—but as a guarantee of good faith, as one might say. You see, I feel responsible for you, and if some one with an imperfect sense of honor, say like the Prince, should take it into his head to clap hatches on you, where would my reputation be?"

He smiled, took a lamp from one of his men, and descended after me.

The prisoners were standing or squatting moodily about in that small compartment of the hold which was otherwise almost empty; and lying on his back, with his face turned toward us, was the second officer. His eyes gave no indication that he was aware of my presence, though they were wide open, and I confess I was alarmed to see his condition. It looked like death. I felt his pulse and examined him, and all the time his eyes were on me unwavering. His high color had fallen away, and his face was now spotted with unhealthy blotches on a pallid skin. I pressed my fingers to the back of his neck, puzzled, and as I did so my body came betwixt Holgate with the light and Legrand.

It seemed to me that now the eyes moved, and I could have declared that one of them closed sharply and opened again. But at the moment Holgate shifted his position, and the eyes were again dull and vacant.

I drew in my under lip and stood up, looking at the mutineer.

"A heavy crack," said I.

"Well, I suppose he came down rather nastily," said Holgate, unperturbed. "I'm sorry. I bear Legrand no grudge. He was a good navigating officer."

"It looks like brain lesion," I said. "But I should like to examine more carefully."

"Welcome, Doctor, welcome," said he cheerfully, "always welcome, so long as I command this ship. Fly a flag, and I'll see there's no reigning princes about. I'm the only prince here; you may take my word for that."

I thanked him coolly, and giving the prisoners some directions for the care of Legrand, climbed to the deck. As I left the lower deck with the suave compliments of Holgate in my ears I had two things in my mind to ponder. In the first

(Continued on Page 24)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Be sure your kin will find you out.

¶ Roosevelt and Hitt would make a strenuous ticket.

¶ The man of many parts often fails to organize them on a working basis.

¶ Socialism is largely a mental surplus that may be moderated by a financial balance.

¶ One form of prose is a plain American mule drawing an imported automobile up a hill.

¶ About the best instance of profit and loss account is a man with a returned engagement ring.

¶ If Mr. Carnegie really wants to die poor he might pay all the postage on returned manuscripts.

¶ In business as well as in war the regret-to-report man gets a gloomy welcome at headquarters.

¶ Some people think they are in tune with the infinite when they are only out of tune with the definite.

Men Who Are Wanted

THERE is one form of failure—surprisingly frequent and familiar in America—which, though it seldom excites pity, is yet most pitiful. It is the man who does not or who cannot measure up to larger things. His previous record had been creditable and promising. He showed industry, quickness, aptitude. On these his promotion came. But somehow, when he got into the bigger place and drew the higher salary he had not the control of self, the continuity of effort, or sense of hard work needed to score success. Or he may have come suddenly into money or the management of a business or a larger scope of responsibility; he tried fitfully, but he was not equal. We have, as a rule, only bitter criticism for his inadequacy, and we hear on all sides the phrases of the day: He got the swelled head. He could not make good. He was a round peg in a square hole. He was small potatoes. He used up all his steam in hot air. And so on through the slang of the day.

Life's pathway is strewn with these failures of clever men, of men of great adeptness in narrow pursuits and circumscribed duties, who went to pieces when they reached positions of power that called for steady, patient, courageous grasp and push. They lacked the dogged qualities. They endeavored to shorten the long road of necessary toil by short cuts in method and finance. Frequently it was speculation instead of business—and these tragedies are spread over the newspapers every day. Very often they throw away the hard lessons of experience that mark the evolution of business, and rush into mere schemes under the fatal belief that they are more progressive than their elders. And promptly the wrecks follow.

When we study this phase of daily life we soon discover why it is that the commonplace, keep-at-it boy of the town becomes the successful man, while his brilliant playmate flits from one failure to another until he reaches an old age of despair. This plodding fellow moves to the bigger things with a solemn realization of the work and responsibility they require, while the genius takes his burdens lightly and realizes too late—if he realizes at all—that the long pull is the moving force in all great problems of business as well as of transportation. Behold the "brilliant" figure in the financial world! To-day he cannot count his millions; to-morrow lawyers are squabbling over the paltry assets in the bankruptcy court.

America has been a synonym for magical fortunes. Americans have more insomnia than any other people on earth because they cheat themselves of good sleep by the dreams of sudden wealth. Immigrants come to us with the same expectations as the first gold-seekers. But all this does not change the immutable; success here or elsewhere is serious and conservative; it stays with those who work for it and who work with it. It flies away when played with.

So, when men say, as they do say constantly, that $25,000 and $50,000 and $100,000 positions are seeking occupants they do not mean the brilliant workers of the hour, but they signify how few are the strong, dependable men who are faithful all the year through and who keep everlastingly at it.

After Five Years of Married Life

A DISTINGUISHED minister, preaching on the real or fancied decrease of family life in this country, said that there would be few couples indeed who would continue to care each for the other after five years of married life if they did not have either children or religion to hold them together. Whether this statement is true or not is of small consequence. The important truth that the minister reached for and missed is that two married people will inevitably drift apart unless they have some vital interest common to them both.

There are couples who have religion yet do not get on well. There are couples with children upstairs and down, and all over the yard, yet without any loving, or even kindly, feeling each for the other. But was there ever yet a couple that did not get on famously and love each the other more and more if they had in common that one paramount interest—whether it was children or religion or keeping a shop or what not—which makes marriage a partnership?

A Word to the Very Wise

IN HIS autobiography Herbert Spencer tells how his friends picked out a girl for him to marry and how he was not attracted to her because she was "too intellectual." He goes on to explain that by this he means she had "a small brain in a state of intense activity."

What an admirable description this is of many tiresome and repellent women—and men. The physically fussy are bad enough; but those little-minded people with a few facts, usually not especially interesting, sizzling and bubbling—how we all fly from them! They are the people who take a course at college to heart. If they are women they do not marry easily, and, when they do, their husbands have an expression that moves friends to commiseration. If they are men they move through life viewing the backs of their fleeing fellows.

The moral of this is—if you know that you are very, very wise and superior have pity on the ignorant and common herd of your fellow-mortals and keep your knowledge a profound secret.

Who Did It?

WHENEVER has any World's Fair made such a favorable impression at its very outset as has the Louisiana Purchase Exposition? Insurmountable obstacles brushed aside; incredible transformations effected; an air of completeness where even the most sanguine had expected and had prepared to excuse unreadiness and unsightliness.

No doubt much of this was due to many and excellent minds working together harmoniously for the one end. But there must have been some one mind surcharged with those three essentials of perfect execution—enthusiasm, energy and infinite resourcefulness. In that man, whoever he may be, there has been disclosed a person worth hearing about, worth studying.

Golden and Counterfeit Silence

ONE man, vividly in the public eye, is denounced for speech; another, equally conspicuous, is denounced for silence. At first blush this looks unreasonable and unjust. But it is, on the contrary, both wise and just.

After sitting through a long dinner in the Athens of classic days beside a man who did not open his mouth except to put food or drink into it, the fellow-citizen next him turned to him and said: "If you are foolish you are wise. If you are wise you are foolish."

Speech, when one has nothing to say, is, at most, dangerous only to the speaker—it is always possible to get out of earshot. But silence when something, much, should be said—that is suspicious. It suggests either a head empty of ideas or a head full of ideas that shrink from inspection.

Hands Across the Sea

ANGLO-AMERICAN union is a much-worn and much-abused topic. It has lost its flavor even in the happiest of post prandial flights. Men still talk of uniting the English-speaking races just as other men talk of uniting all the churches, but the idea, though excellent in large visions and fervid orations, never comes within speaking distance of a working basis.

But there is another form of union which is really better than any possible political combination or amalgamation. Ambassador Choate, who has the felicitous knack of uttering great truths without forbidding solemnity, said this in his address at Glasgow University: "I believe the welfare of mankind depends upon the continued harmony and peace of Great Britain and America, and university men in both countries should lead the way in inculcating that, whatever happens, peace should never be broken between them."

There was a time not very long ago when an American representative could pay tribute to British greatness and the value of British friendship only at the expense of his political strength at home; but those narrow days have passed, and we have come upon wiser times, when the few who forever picture England as our hereditary enemy do not awe the many who look to the future after the manner of Mr. Choate.

Therefore, the Anglo-American union, which stands in education and in business for peace and harmony, offers a real and widening opportunity for John Bull and Uncle Sam to make practical the idea of hands clasped across the sea.

The New Cities

OUR cities sprang up so suddenly and spread so swiftly that the country has been pushed beyond the easy reach of the urban population before there was a chance to prevent it. At enormous expense and with results that cannot be wholly satisfactory American cities are now trying to repair the really deplorable omission. But what are the towns doing?

In a few years hundreds of towns will become cities. Now they have the country in their very streets; soon it will be gone—unless the parks are set apart and space for trees is left on either side of the new streets and extensions of streets.

No town is too small or too far away from the present lines of swift development to take the necessary precautions; and the way to begin is for some public-spirited citizen—man or woman—to stir the matter up.

Statistics and Politics

THE Department of Labor has just published a bulletin which, without any apparent political intention, furnishes a graphic explanation of several striking political phenomena.

For instance, why was the country so excited about silver in 1896, and why does Mr. Bryan find it impossible to stir up any interest in that subject now? A little diagram on page 249 of the Labor Bulletin dispels the mystery. It shows the prices of all commodities steadily falling from 1890 until they reached the very bottom just after the election of 1896. Then it shows them rapidly rising until they end at the very top, even higher than in 1890.

In 1896 people were worried because they got so little for what they had to sell, and they were ready to listen to a man who told them that more money would raise prices. Now they are worried because they must pay so much for what they have to buy, and a promise of higher prices does not appeal to them at all. Consequently Mr. Bryan's plea for free silver to increase the cost of living is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

While one diagram in this report explains why the people are not interested in the things that interested them a few years ago, another illuminates what is really interesting them now. It traces the relative prices of raw and manufactured commodities in the year 1903. It shows that while raw commodities, including the great products of the farms, swiftly declined from a percentage of 133 in January to one of 117.5 in December, the prices of manufactured goods remained practically stationary. This furnishes a statistical justification for the popular belief that the high cost of living is artificially maintained by the industrial trusts. Under free competition the prices of raw and finished products would naturally keep company. If they do not the people who are taxed at arbitrary rates for their manufactured goods are pretty sure to think that something is wrong. Hence the trusts are a live issue in present-day politics, while silver is not. And the politician who can catch the ear of the people is the one who can tell a live issue from a dead one.

The Siege of the Drug Store

By Henry Wallace Phillips

ONCE upon a time, when I was scarcely married at all, you might say," began Mr Scraggs, "I quit workin' for a livin' and started a scientific school."

"*You* did?" cried Red, after one astonished second vanished in the past.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Scraggs, "*I* did. It was for the investigation and pursuit of this here doctrine of chances. The idee was to put a little box full of playin'-cards on the table, and draw them forth one at a time, to see just how they'd fall. Some of the students got that interested they bet on the results."

"Oh!" said Charley, "I took a course in that one winter myself. Did you always draw *one* card at a time out'n that box, Zeke?"

"So help me, Bob! I did," returned Mr. Scraggs most earnestly. "Hence I didn't get rich. It sometimes happened that a Wild Wolf from Up the Creek would breeze in, full of rum, plumb foolishness and money. Oh man! High or low, red or black, odd or even, coppered or open, on the corner or let her rip, last turn and in the middle, from soda card to hock, them brier-whiskered sons-of guns would whipsaw my poor little bank till there wasn't much left of her but sawdust. Yes, sir,' mourned Mr. Scraggs, "I made enough out of the early birds to eat, but them Roarin' Bears from Bruindale uset sometimes to apply the flat of their hands to my seat of learning till the sparks flew out of my eyes. In short, this sportin' life was too much up and down hill for me. No sooner would I git ready to declare a dividend than one of my outside customers would come in and take that dividend and wipe both feet on it, roll on it, stomp it, fly ten foot in the air and come down on it, bite chunks out of it, and then I'd light a match, gather the crumbs from the floor, and wisht I could git holt of something at once easy and reliable.

"Well, there was a friend of mine lived at the Transcontinental Hotel. The partition between his room and mine didn't come clear to the ceiling, so when I arrived home late I uset to heave a boot over on top of him and have a chin. He was a nice feller, Hadds. A pale, thin sort of man, very red-headed—that is to say, not red-headed like some parties I have known, but a sort of bashful red, that would ha' been different if it could; and he wore eight large freckles on his face. There would have been more if there had been more room. Hadds was then workin' for the railroad company, but not happy. He was in the dispatcher's office, and I'd hear him holler in his nightmares, 'There they go! Bang! Everybody killed! I always expected it!'

"You see, he lived in fear of running two excursion trains together. Nervous cuss—oh, awful! Not without reason, neither. Seems when he was at college he studied chemistry. Always experimentin'. Mixed two things that was born to live apart. Hadds left simooltaniously with that corner of the buildin'. He didn't stop till he reached the Transcontinental Hotel.

"Hadds worked at me to start a drug store with him. He'd saved some out of his wages, and he knew I had a fluctuatin' roll. He says, 'You're goin' bust some day, young man—why don't you quit it? You come with me and we'll make a decent thing. It's mighty lucky for the gang that they swill patent medicines instead of lettin' that Jones up the street give 'em a quick finish over the prescription counter. That pill-wrangler couldn't tell the difference between an auger-hole riffle-board and a porous plaster if there wasn't a label on the box. Jeeminnetticus!' says Hadds, 'when he mixes coffin varnish for a man you'd think he was scramblin' eggs. Come on, Washy,' he says, 'while you got the price. You'd like the business.'

"One night it happened Bitter Water Simpson was borne on the wings of evening to my place of business, and he calculated that the last two cards in the box would come out, queen first, trey next. He was so sure he inquired about the theory of limits.

"'The limit,' says I, 'is the clothes and contents, body and immortal soul of E. G. W. Scraggs. You slam your wad down and I'll cash it.'

"It had occurred to me there was no use foolin' longer. If I busted this gun-fighter I went into the drug business; if he busted me I'd take a walk.

"He laid down one thousand dollars' worth of Government promises, and I took a long breath, drew forth, first, trey, next queen, removed his money from the table with a light, sure touch, threw the layout in the stove, blew out the lamp, remarked that the bank was closed, and stood prepared to deal in chemicals instead of playin'-cards.

"Simpson was surprised. 'Ain't I goin' to get satisfaction?' says he.

"'If it's to be had on the prescription counter you do,' says I. 'Otherwise, I prefer to stay satisfied myself.'

"It would have been better if he'd refrained from abusing me. I was younger then, and while not in the least quarrelsome, yet such talk as Simpson talked to me was entirely uncalled for. Besides that, he got festive with guns. I relieved him of his guns and sat him on the stove till he promised to behave. Nobody ever heard me kick when them fellers nailed me to the burnin' oak for anywhere's up to five hundred a night. Howsomever, it wound up amiable. I staked Simmy to a new pair of pants, and kept him in spendin' money till ridin' again appeared among the possibilities. I never could get used to people pullin' guns on me.

"So, then, there was a drug store goin' in no time. Both me and Hadds was happy as could be, and workin' like a pair of mules. When we had things fixed, and a sign 'Hadds & Scraggs' in gold letters four foot high, I felt I really was a prominent citizen. But dear friends and brothers, always there's somebody handy with a fly to stick in your ointment. Once I went down street to see how that sign looked a little ways off, and up rides a puncher.

"'Hadds & Scraggs!' says he; 'I wonder what kind of merchandise them is? Well, I must take a Hadds and a Scraggs home to show the boys.'

"He knocked every bit of poetry out of that sign. Howsomever, poetry ain't the chief business of a drug store, and when you come to the practical side we done mighty well. We got in a line of patent medicines with pretty red and blue labels that took the popular taste. As there was a minin' boom over the hill, our line of gold pans and gunpowder went well. A new seeder brought in some money, and with rubber boots, snowshoes, baseballs, carpenters' tools, spectacles, lumber, and an agency for a self-binder as side issues, I see myself getting on in the world.

"'Tweren't long before nobody'd think of buyin' a faro layout or a deck of cards elsewhere than at our store, and as for perfumed soap and perfumery, why, I think our feller-citizens must have et the one and drunk the other, for we unloaded by the box and pailful. When we'd count the kitty nights, 'Didn't I tell you?' Hadds would holler. 'Put your feet in my tracks and you'll wear diamonds!'

"And I guess I would if it hadn't been for a lady. There's a woman in it, nine times out of ten, when a man's ruined; and the other time there's a man in it. If neither one nor t'other's in it it's a durned uninterestin' occurrence, anyhow. Yes, sir; we come under the double-cross kindliness of a female major.

"One night—Sufferin' Ichabod! but that was a night!—we were jerried to a standstill in one half-hour, or thirty minutes, by the clock.

"Things was slack this evenin'; nobody in the store but Hadds, Keno Jim and me, throwin' poker dice for cigars, when the door opens and here come Major Pumpey and his wife from the army post. We were not glad to see the Major. He was a little, pussy, red-faced, pop eyed man, pompous as a banty rooster, with black whiskers and a mustache like a cat. He had a voice on him like barrels rolling in a brewery vault. It would surprise you quite a little to hear that number ten voice come a-roarin' out of that number two man. The Major used to corral everything he wanted and say, 'Charge it!' two octaves below a bull's beller. Bein' a military person, he was fond of charges; me and Hadds, bein' plain civilians, weren't. We charged it and we charged it, but that there Major's defenses were impregnerville. I had told Hadds that the next time Pumpey said 'Charge it' I was goin' to take him at his word, then and there, and rush him along on his ear till I felt better. But, of course, now his wife was along I couldn't.

"She was just as different from the Major as anything could be: a tall, pale, rangey woman, kind-hearted and good-natured as they make 'em, but with a pair of nose-grabber specks, and a way of letting her hands flop at the wrist, whilest she talked in a high gobbley-gobble style, like singin' a tuneless tune. They made a pair to draw to. The Lord only knows what you'd got if you filled. My! And the general effect of that lady! She wore her hair in an omelet, and looked as if she'd been put in her clothes by a boiler explosion.

"There was another powerful difference between them two. The Major he gazed on the wine when it was any color at all. He didn't care so much for decoration as he did for quantity. He passed his time in bein' tee'd, tee-heed, or teeterin'. On the other hand, his lady couldn't stand plain raw water. Honest, friends and brothers! I ain't stringin'! I have it on the word of their striker that Mrs. Pumpey couldn't be induced to take a drink of water unless it was boiled, and as for spirited liquors—Oh, murder! Don't mention it!

"As the Major entered I observed upon his person a kind of uprightness that no sober man ever had, varied with quick little steps sideways, for no good visible reason, and when he comes up to the counter he grabs it with both hands and says, 'How do—gla' meecher—hot, ain't it?'

"I admitted it was hot, told him I was glad to meet him, too, and as this last wasn't no more than a plain lie I asked the lady quick what we could do for her.

"Perfumery was wanted, so I passed the bottles out. Mrs. Major would take a ladylike sniff and say, 'Dee-lee-shus! Ha-oow do eeyou lieek that, Ma-JAW?'

"And when the Major laid his hands on the right one of the numerous bottles floatin' in the atmosphere about him he'd hold it a yard off, give a snort like a buzz-saw striking a knot, and after a minute's silence roar, '*Ain't* that nice, b-y-y-y GOSH!' and slam the bottle down.

"It was tryin' on the nerves. First place, the way he come out with that 'b-y-y-y Gosh!' hit you in the pit of the stomach like standin' alongside a bass-drum, and it was only a question of time when he slammed one of them bottles through the show case. So I flagged Hadds for help, and the two of us plied the lady with perfumery so fast that the Major couldn't get his oar in, at which he cut loose for himself, wanderin' around behind the counter, smellin' of every bottle on the shelves.

"It ain't everything in a drug store has as pleasant a greetin' for your nose as perfumery, and once or twice, when I looked around, to kind of keep cases on him, I see the Major had struck a shock. But at last he come across a sample that pleased him. I saw him swig a good lungful of it, and his mouth opened wide with delight.

"PUT UP A HIGH GRADE ARTICLE OF CAT FIGHT"

"'Well, I guess you'll be amused for a while,' thinks I. So I paid no more attention.

"The next thing Hadds looks up. 'Here!' he yells; 'drop that! That's chloroform, you bull head!'

"The call come too late—leastways, to work as intended. The Major dropped the bottle, but he also dropped himself, two shelves, and about six dozen glass jars of everything you ever heard of. Powers of darkness! Flat on his back laid the hero of many charges, whilest over his manly form and face trickled cough mixture, Canady balsam, liniment, sugar syrup, castor oil, and more sticky, oily, messy kinds of stuff than I'll ever tell you. The worst of it was that a bottle of carmine had landed last in the wreck and, bustin', flew over everything. As there wasn't a dry spot for a rod it looked like the Major had done a turn of bleedin' at every vein same as the young man we used to read about at school. In fact it was much worse than that. It appeared to be the most awful tragedy any one man ever was concerned in.

"Before we got our wits about us poor Mrs. Pumpey see her Major afloat on a gory sea, and without askin' for explanations she give a loud holler and fainted on our stock of fancy dishes.

"'Here's where we make a lot of money, I don't think,' screeches Hadds—he was an excitable person, that Hadds. 'Come!' he hollers, 'help me get 'em out of here! There's enough chloroform loose to sleep the bunch of us!'

"We lugged the Major and his wife to the back of the store. I made a pillar for her out'n some rolls of wall-paper, but the Major had to get along as best he could. There he lay, his little round stummick stickin' in the air, breathin' like a wind-broken horse.

"Keno Jim and me looked after the lady whilest Hadds pranced around the Major and cussed scientific cuss-words. Of course, Keno and me didn't know no more what to do than a photograft of the Wild Man of Borneo when there was a faintin' woman in the question. As I said, I hadn't been married enough to learn, and the present line of Mrs. Scraggses was healthy, whatever other faults they might have. Hadds 'ud come over and tell us half of something, and then rush back to the Major, tearin' his hair.

"'Blast it, Hadds!' says Keno, 'quit callin' the man names and let us know what to do for this woman.'

"'Give her a drink of whisky!' yells Hadds. 'Come here, Zeke, and see what ails this beggar now!'

"If he hadn't called me off like that lots of things wouldn't happened. 'Look at him!' says Hadds, and grinds his teeth. 'Forty dollars' worth of stuff smashed—charge it, of course. Prob'ly he's goin' to die on our hands—'twould be just like his unmerciful nerve. Pass me that bottle of ammonia, Zeke.'

"Then Keno hollered for me. He'd pried the Majoress' mouth open, stuck a cork in it to keep it so, and then fed her the revivifier. She wasn't a handsome woman at the best, but with that cork in her mouth——!

"'I gave her to there of whisky,' says Keno, indicatin' about four Swede fingers on a water tumbler. 'Do you think that'll bring her to?'

"'Like a bear trap,' says I. 'Do you mean to say you sluiced that much raw jump-and-holler into a woman that can't stand uncooked water? Well, you are an allotropic modification of the genus jackass, like Hadds says of the Major.'

"Keno got purple in the face. He slammed the glass down and walked out. 'Now you can look after your own women,' says he, bitter. Them scientific cuss-words cut him to the heart.

"I looked at the lady. The color was coming back to her face. Evidently she'd be around in a minute or two. Then Hadds fairly whoops at me:

"'Come here! Come here! You're a nice pardner, you are, standin' there with your hands in your pockets!'

"'Well, what'll I do, Hadds?' says I.

"'Do? I don't care what you do, so long's you don't look so aggravatin' useless. D'yer think this specimen of an officer and gentleman appears to be—what in blazes is he doin' now?'

"'Don't abuse the poor cuss,' says I. 'He really couldn't help it.' Then I had an inspiration. Several times in my life I've been afflicted that way. 'See here,' says I, 'he took his dose through the nose. Why don't you give him the remedy the same way? Try a pinch of that Scotch snuff.'

"'Why, sure!' says Hadds. He'd tried anythin' at that stage of the game.

"Well, dear friends and brothers, it ain't down in the farmer-coop-here, nor no other agricultcheral reports, and I dunno as you could bank on it in every case, but from what I see on this occasion, if you ever happen to have a friend or relative that's over-indulged in chloroform and can't seem to recall himself, wait till he takes a deep breath, and mix about an ounce of Scotch snuff in his air supply. It *may* work wonders.

"'Hoor-rash-o!' says the Major, comin' to a sittin' position. 'Hoor-rash-o!' says he again, and then he went off like a pack of fire-crackers. A sneeze wouldn't more'n get fairly started before another'd explode in the middle of it. And the Major was as powerful a sneezer as he was talker. Gee! them bass sneezes of his sounded like a freight-engine exhaust. Mind you, he didn't open his eyes; just sat there, covered with carmine and soothin' syrup, rockin' back'ard and forrard and sneezin' like George Washington. There was somethin' kind of horrible about it. Me 'n' Hadds looked on petrified.

"Then, 'Oh, my poor husband! What are they doin' to you?' says a v'ice behind us, and the Majoress skipped across the floor and fell on the Major. That's the word for it; she let go all holts an' dropped, gatherin' him up in her arms.

"'What did you say, Willie?' she asks.

"'Hoor-rash-o!' says the Major. 'A-kissh-uuu! ha-ha-hrrrum-pah! A-ketcheer! Aketcher-hussh-hoor-rash-o!'

"Now, Hadds, when he see the lady weepin' that way, was all broke up. He didn't know about Keno's goblet full of whisky, so he thought it was genuine emotion.

"'Don't cry, ma'am,' says he. 'Twill be all right in a minute. That red's nothin' but carmine and simple syrup—it'll all come out in the wash, and sneezin's good for the man.'

"The Majoress she rose and looked at Hadds. There was a glare in her eye more'n human. I read in a book once about the tremenjous dignity of the lady the trouble was all about. It didn't seem reasonable any female person could act that way till I see the Majoress. She had dignity enough for two maiden ladies at a niece's weddin' and a nigger head waiter. The way she laid holt of Hadds' collar was impressive a great deal more than I'm able to tell you. Poor Hadds was faded. He looked like a pup caught with a lucken in his mouth. They made a grand march to the general goods counter, the Majoress still resemblin' a foreign queen. Arrived there, she took up a hair-brush, and with a motion the grandest I ever see in a human bein' she brought it down atop of Hadds' head. Whacko!—Christmas, what a crack!

"'*Now*, will you let my Willie alone?' says she.

"Hadds jumped up and down and rubbed his head.

"'What ails you?' says he, near crvin'.

"'Hadds!' I remonstrated to him, 'remember you're speakin' to a lady.'

"'Lady!' yells Hadds. 'Lady! Look at the lump on my head!'

"It was at this unfortunate minute a young feller see fit to come into the store to buy some matches. He stopped a minute, as he took a general view. There was the Major, apparently bleedin' profusely, yet not carin' a great deal, seemin' more concerned in rockin' bac'ard and forrard and sneezin'. His manner seemed to say, 'So long as you don't interfere with the innocent pleasures of a sneeze I don't care what breaks.' There was Hadds rubbin' his head; there was me with my mouth open; and there was the Majoress, leanin' over the counter, and smilin' a dark, mysterious smile.

"The customer didn't know what to do.

"'Well?' says the Majoress, sharp and businesslike.

"The young feller jumped.

"'I beg your pardon,' says he. 'I'd like a box of matches.'

"The Majoress shook her head.

"'People don't always get what they like in this world,' says she.

"'No,' says the young feller. 'No, ma'am.' And then come an awkward silence.

"The Majoress still shook her head.

"'This is a sad world,' she says.

"'Yes, ma'am,' says the young feller, edgin' for the door.

"'But you can have the matches,' says she.

"With that she hit him square between the eyes with a ten-cent box. The young feller drew himself up proud.

"'I didn't come in here to get insulted,' says he.

"The Majoress resumed her mysterious smile.

"'Why not?' says she.

"The young feller opened his mouth twice, but nothin' to suit the occasion seemed to occur to him. He wheeled and tried to walk off dignified, but the matches snappin' under his feet spoiled the effect.

"'By by!' says the Majoress; 'come again!'

"She grabbed a tray of mouth-organs and heaved it after him; they scattered like a shrapnel shell. The young feller didn't wait to close the door. We heard him gallopin' up the boardwalk like he was needin' fresh air. We stood stock still for a matter of five seconds, I reckon; Hadds and me scart to move, and the Majoress with her brow wrinkled in thought. All of a suddent, with no more warnin' than a streak of lightnin', she bust out cryin'. 'Oh, oh, oh!' says she, 'how I have been deceived in men!' Then to relieve her feelin's she got to work with both hands.

"There was a genuine Sand-hill cloudburst of hair-brushes and combs, porous plasters, tooth powder, tooth-brushes, pomade, soap, jew's-harps, playin'-cards and the old Boy knows what all. It struck me then what a waste of time it was for a citizen to get loaded and tear the linin' out of a saloon; the place where you can really get the worth of your time and money is a drug store. Hadds and me made one desp'rate plunge for her through the terrific fire she kept up. I don't suppose that lady could hit a barn with a rock, unless she was inside of it, under ordinary conditions; but I'll bet she didn't miss one out of a possible ten that night. She caught me under the eye with a mouth-organ, on top of the head with a jar of tooth powder, whilest smaller articles flew off'n me in all directions.

"Hadds took holt of her hands and talked implorin'.

"'Please, ma'am!' says he, 'please! Don't throw things around like that! Remember they cost money! We can't sell tooth-brushes after you've strewed the floor with 'em! I ask you please! Please!'

"'Villain!' says she haughtily. 'How dast you put your evil hands on me?'

"'Hadds,' says I, 'leggo the lady. We pass. Let us retire behind the prescription counter and bear up like men. There's only one thing on earth that E. G. W. Scraggs is willin' to admit has him trimmed to a peak, and you see that same before you now. 'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour, when my maiden Aunt Susan took the raisin' of me. Take any form thou wilt but this, and my firm nerve ain't goin' to tremble; but stacked again this form, my nerve is flappin' like a hotel wash in a hurricane.'

"So I slung Hadds over my shoulder and we went behind the prescription counter.

"I tried to distract his mind by tellin' him a funny story. However, the rip-split-smash outside kind of jumbled three yarns into one. Besides, Hadds was foamin' so it was all I could do to keep him from goin' over and kickin' the Major, who still was oblivious to surroundings, and enwrapped in the gentle art of sneezin'. Then there come a fearful bump from outside. I knew by that a show case was no more.

"'Zeke!' yells Hadds, 'think of somethin' before that woman has us all in.'

"'Haddsy, old horse,' I says, 'we've only got one show. If we can create a diversion we win. My head's that rumpled, the only thing strikes me is for us to go out there and play cat fight. Holler, and meaowl, and spit, and screech, and jump around till she can't help but look at us. That's the way I uset to amuse the twins when they needed killin'; of course we'll look like a pair of fools——'

"'Yes!' hollers Hadds. 'What do we look like now? You get three guesses!'

"'Come along!' says I.

"Well, dear friends and brothers, our hearts was in that diversion, let alone the stake we'd invested in the store. If you don't think one bald-headed E. G. W. Scraggs and one red headed Tommy Hadds put up a high grade article of cat fight I don't know how I'm goin' to prove to the contrary; but it was so.

"Why, we buck jumped four foot in the air, sideways, crosswise and straight patch and-teeter; we mi-auwed, and scratched, and tore, and rolled over, and kicked with our hindlegs, and such yells was never heard in a human habitation before nor since.

"It worked. The Majoress stopped and leaned over the counter.

"'Warm it up, Hadds!' I whispers. 'We got her lookin'!'

So then we rollicked for a ramps. I see the Majoress smile; she p'inted her finger toward us.

"'S-sick 'em!' says she. 'Sick 'em, Towser!'

"It would have been all right; we was playin' on velvet, and could have led that woman out of the store as easy as anything if that con-cussed Major hadn't 'a' come to in the wrong place.

"I caught one glimpse of him holdin' tight with both hands to a shelf, with his eyes jumpin' out of his head and his face as white as flour.

"Of course no man would really believe that the spectacle of two grown men playin' cat fight in the ruins of a drug store, whilest his own wife looked on and said 'Sick 'em!' was anything but an optickle delusion, caused by reasons he was familiar with.

"'It's never come like this before!' hollers the Major, and then he goes down backward for the final touch, carryin' away a kerosene lamp, and the same landin' in a barrel of varnish.

"Well, sir, what with the stuff that was loose around there and the varnish, my coat tails was afire when I lugged the Major out to where Hadds was industriously savin' the Majoress' life.

"The two hose companies got out in good shape, but a most unforchimt dispute over who was to claim first water on the fire led 'em to use axes and spanner wrenches and sections of hose on each other whilst our drug store burned green and purple and pink, neglected. Inside of ten minutes eight firemen was ready for the hospital; a good citizen took the Major and Majoress in for the night, and all that was left of our promisin' business enterprise was a small heap of wood ashes and a very bad smell.

"'Well,' says I, 'shake, Hadds; it's all over.'

"He grabbed my hand, weepin'.

"'No, it ain't, Scraggsy, Old Man Rocks,' says he. 'You stood by me noble, and I'll do the same by you.' He fumbled in his pocket. 'I've saved a complete equipment from the wreck,' says he, and with that he hauls out a couple of decks of cards and a box of poker chips. 'All is lost save honor, Zeke,' says he, 'but I reckon we can raise a dollar or two on that.'

"I was so moved in my feelin's I could only shake his manly hand.

"When I could speak, says I, 'We'll rise like a couple of them Fenian birds from the ashes, pard.'

"And hope springin' eternal once more in our chests, we took a little drink at Jimmy's place and went to bed happy."

The Wit of Rufus Choate

A STRIKING example of Rufus Choate's humor and of his marvelous faculty of so emphasizing a point that the jury could see it clear into the roots of their optic nerves is the following passage in his jury address in the famous Tirrell case.

To see the point of the passage one must know that Roxbury adjoins Boston. A witness against the prisoner (whom Choate was defending) having been absent, was called out of turn and after the defense was in. Commenting upon this procedure, Mr. Choate said: "Where was this tardy and belated witness that he comes here to tell us all that he knows, and all that he doesn't know, eight and forty hours after the evidence for the defense has been closed? Is the case so obscure that he has never heard of it? Was he ill, or in custody? Was he in Europe, Asia or Africa? Was he on the Red Sea, or the Yellow Sea, or the Black Sea, or the Mediterranean Sea? Was he at Land's End, or John o'Groat's northeastern boundary, drawing and defining that much vexed line? Or was he with General Taylor and his army, or wherever the fleeting southwestern boundary line of this expanding country may at any time happen to be? No, gentlemen, he was at none of these places, comparatively easy of access; but—and I would emphasize upon your attention, Mr. Foreman, the fact, and urge it upon your consideration—he was in that more incontiguous, more inaccessible region—so hard to come at, and from which so few travelers return—*Roxbury!*"

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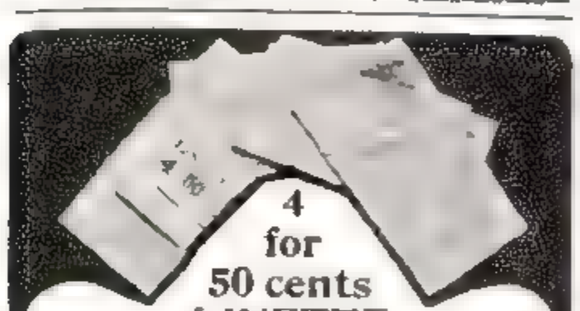

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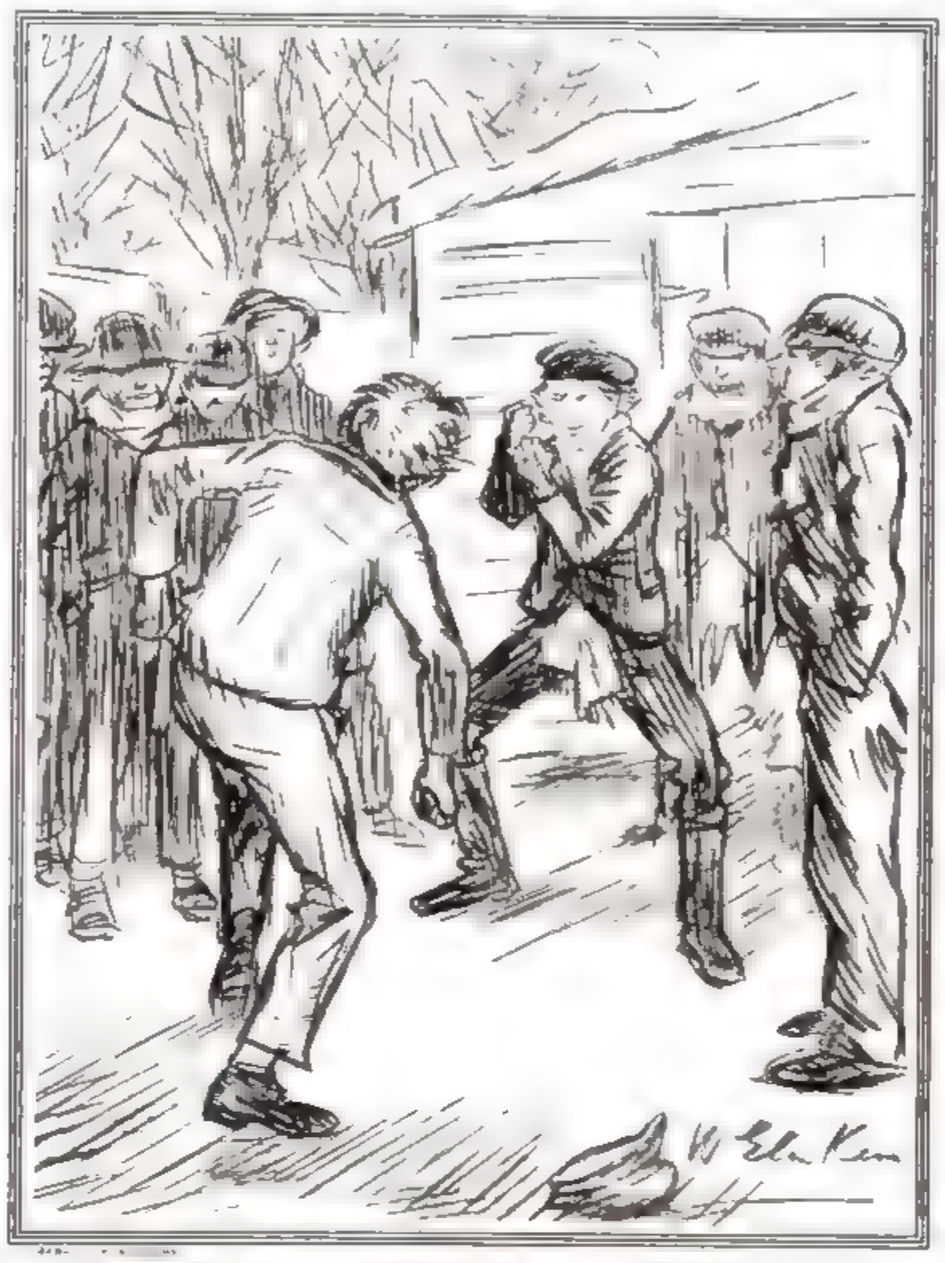

THERE WAS A FITE IN SCHOOL TODAY. I DONT CARE MUTCH ABOUT FITES NOW

APRIL 26, 186— it raned like time last nite but it was brite and fair when i got up. what do you think, me and Beany are going to by a horse of old Nat Mason. he lives down Stratum road and he has a old troter that can go like time.

APRIL 27, 186— brite and fair. me and Beany seed Nat today. we aint got enny chink. if i hadent paid that money to those hampton falls men for pluging roten eggs at there cows i shood have sum. all i can rase is thirty five cents and Beany can rase fifteen cens. Fatty Gilman most always has lots of chink.

APRIL 28, 186— me and Beany saw Fatty today. he wants to go in with us becaus he says his folks want to use old Chub so mutch that he dont get enny chance to use him. but Fatty he hasent got enny chink eether. enny way we are going to see old Nat tomorrow and perape he will let us have it on tick.

APRIL 29. brite and fair. today was saterday and this afternoon me and Beany and Fatty went down to see old Nat. he was in a old house smoking a old pipe made out of a corn cob. so Fatty he asked him to show us his old plug, only Fatty didnt say old plug but said Mister Mason can we see your troting horse, and old Nat he got up and went to a little barn and opened the door and holered get up lady Clara and she tride to get up and coodent, and old Nat swoar and kicked her and then she coodent get up, and then he clim over her and puled her head up into the rack and then he took a stick and hit her sum more and swoar sum more and then she got up. then Beany he asked old Nat what made her not get up and he said that troting horses most never laid down more than once or twict a weak and sum of the best troters never laid down. he said Dexter and Flora Tempel never was knowed to lay down. then Fatty asked him to let us see her trot and he hiched her into a buggy and we set on the fence and old Nat he drove of most walking. bimeby we herd the old wagon ratling and old Nat he came down the street jest fluking. I never saw a horse go so fast. i tell you old Nat he had to pull to stop her. she breethed prety hard and jerky, but Nat he said it was hickups becaus she had et too mutch. Fatty he asked how old she was and old Nat he said she was about 12 but that she wood be good til she was 30. Then we asked how mutch he wood sell her for and he said he wanted 5 dolers for her but he wood let us have her for 2 dolars and fifty cents and we cood have the wagon for 2 dolars and fifty cents two, and he wood throw in the harnes. but we dident have the money and so we tride to swap and bimeby he said if i wood give him my gun and Fatty wood give him his silver pensil case and Beany give him his 6 bladed nife he wood trust us for a month. so we give him the thiugs and he give us the horse. only we coodent take her then becaus we have got to find a place to keep her. none of us dass to tell our folks about it. we woodent let Fatty know about it if we hadent supposed he had plenty of chink.

APRIL 30, 186— brite and fair. after church today we went round to see if we cood get a place to keep our horse. we asked Noot Crumet but Noot he said he didnt have enny place to put her unles he give her his room and he told us to go to bucher Haly and see if we coodent get a chanse to put her in his smoke house for we cood keep her longer there than enny where else and so we went to him and he chased us out of his yard. then we went to Charles Flanders but he dident have but one room and his shed wasent big enuf to keep a gote, and then we went over to old Jethrow Simpsons and Jethrow he said if we wood help him haul wood enuf to fill his shed we cood keep her in his barn as long as we wanted to and have enuf hay two.

MAY 1. it was may day today and we dident have enny school. so me and Beany

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went up to Fattys and got him and we went down to old Nats. We wood have run all the way only Fatty got tukered out. When we got there old Nat made us promise to give him a hat or a pair of old boots becaus he kept lady Clara over Sunday. Fatty he said thev was lots of old hats at home and so we went way back and got a old tall bever hat and then old Nat hiched up lady Clara and we piled in. Fatty he drove ferst because he said we coodent have got her unless he had got the old tall bever. so Fatty he drove up as fur as ass brook and then Beany he drove as fur as the old brick meeting house and then i drove as fur as the hall place were Jethrow lives. we all had to stand up when we drove becaus the ranes is two short. when we got there old Jethrow was there and he had a dingel cart and we hiched lady Clara into it and went up to Jady Hill for sum wood. we wirked till 12 oh!clock and then we run home to dinner and run back agen. i took all the meal i had for my hens most a quarts and i fed her. it is Fattys tirn next to get meal for her. then we wirked til six oh'clock and we were allmost ded we were so tired. well when we asked old Jethrow whitch stal we shood put her in he told us to take our old plug and get out or he wood lick us. jest think of that. well we dident know what to do so we waited til most dark and then Beany sed we had beter go to the next house becaus they was a big shed there. so i said i wood ring if Fatty wood ask and so i rung the bell and a woman came to the door and Fatty told her all about it and she said old Jethrow was a meen old skin flint and we cood put our horse in her shed and cood keep her their as long as we wanted to. so she give us a lantern and we went out and they was a buly place and we made a stal with 2 boards and put a lot of saw dust under her and give her a pale of water only we dident have enny hay. well bimeby Beany said that he cood see the hay sticking out of the cracks in old Jethrows barn, and we went over and looked and we cood see plenty of hay there. so Fatty he said we had ernt that hay and we aught to have it, and Beany said so two, and Fatty said he woodent steal ennything but this hay was ours and we had ernt it. so Fatty and Beany puled out a board and held it open while i puled out enuf hay and then we fed lady Clara and went home. ennyway the hay was ours and it wasent stealing to take it.

MAY 2, 186— brite and fair. this morning i got up erly and went over to the barn. Beany was there and Fatty came after i had got there. lady Clara was laying down and woodent get up. i gess she was prety tired. so we led her and Fatty brogt some otes. so we curred her down as far as we cood reech and brushed her and then we went home. at brekfast mother asked me what made me smel so barny and i said i had been helping Fatty curry his horse. at noon we led her agin and tonite we got her up and curred her other side. we dident drive her today.

MAY 3, 186— raney as time. we cant drive lady Clara today. we curred her 2 times.

MAY 4, 186— tonite we drove lady Clara. We went down Newmarket road. we took turns driving one of the wheals come of and we had to get out and walk home holding on the wheal.

MAY 5, 186— Ed Adams give us a nut and we fixed the wheal. we had a ride tonite. i tell you lady Clara can go. we beat Gim Lovering tonite. he dident know who we was becaus it was two dark but we knowed him. we beat him and then we waited for him to come up and then we beat him agen. we did that 3 times; and Gim he was mad

MAY 6, 186— my hens dont lay enny now. i gess i dont give them enuf to eat. it is prety hard to keep a horse and hens two. we dident drive tonite becaus it rained. it was brite and fair yesterday.

MAY 7, 186— today was sunday and we coodent drive lady Clara. tomorrow nite we are going to lay for old man Churchil with his troter. i bet we can beat him.

MAY 8. i have missed in my lesons most every day, and so has Fatty and Beany. today i swaped a hen for a buchel of meal for lady Clara. we drove her tonite but we dident find ennyone to race.

MAY 9, 186— brite and fair. if Beany dont shell out more meal he wont drive lady Clara agen.

MAY 10, 186— Beany got a peck of meal today at old Sol Smiths. he charged it to his father

MAY 11, 186— we had a buly ride tonite we raced 4 fellers and beat them.

MAY 12, 186— brite and fair. tonite we coodent get lady Clara up. we are going to try agen tomorrow and drive her in the day time.

MAY 13, 186— rany agen. we got lady Clara up this morning. Beany and Fatty pulled in front and i licked behind. this afternoon one of our wheals broak down. Ed Adams give us a nother wheal. it went on all rite only it isent as big as the other wheals and it makes the wagon go one sided a little. we had a good ride today. we have to be pretty careful in turning around a corner becaus the wagon is one sided

MAY 14, 186— today was sunday. father told me if i smelt so of the barn he woodent let me go up to Fattys agen. i bet he wood be mad if he knowed i oned a horse.

MAY 15, 186— there was a fite in school today. i dont care mutch about fites now. i had ruther race horses. tonite we raced with a big white horse and beat him esy. we all had to pull on the ranes to stop lady Clara

MAY 16, 186— brite and fair. Beany is behind 5 feeds and me and Fatty had to make it up. last nite lady Clara lost a shue so this morning before school we walked every where we drove last nite and Beany found the shue way down to long meter Dows on Hamton road. Beany he said if we wood call it square about the feeds he wood get Gim Elerson to nale on the shue. so we did and Beany got Gim to nale on the shue. Beany he raked up Gims front yard to pay him. Beany is a prety good feller. Fatty had company to his house and we dident go to ride tonite. it was two bad.

MAY 17, 186— rany as time. we coodent go to ride today. it always ranes jest when a feller wants to do some thing.

MAY 18, 186— it rained all yesterday and last nite and today. I bet it will rane a week. we are having prety tuf luck.

MAY 19, 186— at last it has stoped ranning. I thaught I never shood wright brite and fair agen. we had a buly ride tonite after we had tide up the bridle with sum rope. lady Clara fell down and we had to unharnes her and get her up. she broak the bridle and skined her gnees and we put on sum wheal greese. Beany was standing up driving when she fell down and it draged him rite over the dasher and on top of lady Clara.

MAY 20, 186— brite and fair. tomorow they is going to be a ministers meeting in the upper church and there aint enny school tomorow. so we are going to drive all day. after school we washed the harness and got a load of sawdust at the hub mill, and curred lady Clara. we have got most all the hay we can reech. when we cant reech enny more i dont know where we can get enny more unless Fatty can get sum.

MAY 21, 186— brite and fair. I have had a feerful day. i feel so bad i cant hardly wright ennything. but i will try to wright it all down. this morning me and Beany and Fatty we hiched up lady Clara and drove round town. sum of the fellers holered at us but we dident care. they was lots of ministers in town. they was mostly long tailers with white necktis. so this afternoon we hiched up agen and drove up to the depot. old Woodbridge Odlin was there wating for the 2 oh!clock trane. he had a baruch with a driver and his new span of black horses with cliped tails. and he had on his long tailed black coat and a shiny bever hat. well we dident wate for the trane but we drove through Winter street and out to Front street. when we came to Lincoln street old Woodbridge Odlin came along with his baruch filled with old ministers with bever hats and specks and white necktis, and the driver hit the horses and away they went lickity larup. well Beany he was driving and he leened over and hit lady Clara a paist with the whip and she went after them like chane litening, and we all began to yell and the black horses went faster. well they was 2 rods ahead and when we got to Whackers house we was most up to there hind wheel, and when we got to doctor Goram's office we was jest even. the old ministers was bouncing around and holding on to the sides, and old Woodbridge had lost his hat and was standing up yelling sumthing at the driver, and his whiskers were blowing way behind him. it makes me most die to think of him but i dont feel mutch like laffin. well when we got to Elliott street we were ahead of them and then the driver began to pull up his horses becaus all the people was yelling and waving there hats like time. well lady Clara was breething so she sounded like a big sawmill saw, and when we tride to stop her she woodent stop so we all tride together but we coodent pull her in a mite. she had her tail sticking rite up in the air and the more we pulled the faster she went, when we went thru the square Fatty holered to run her over string brige and up factory hill so we cood stop her, and we pulled as hard as we cood but when she came to the corner she tirned around into Water street and over went the wagon and we came out jest fluking. well we want hurt mutch and we run after her as fast as we cood. we found pieces of the wagon and harnes all over the street and when we got to the barn she was there all rite. lots of people came to see about it, but when they found that nobody was hurt they went away. they wasent ennything of the harnes left but the bridle and the wagon was everywhere along the street. Well when father came home somebody had told him about it and he made me tell him all about it, where we got her and how we fed her and everything, and when i told him about the hay i thought he was going to lick time out of me he was so mad, and he said he never knowed i wood steal, and i said i only hooked it and he said what is the diference and i said stealing is taking sumthing that you know belongs to sumbody else, and hooking is taking sumthing that belongs to you and sumbody else wont let you have. i suposed everybody knowed that. well he dident lick me, but after super he got mister Watson, Beanys father and we all went over to see lady Clara and what do you think, when we got there she was ded. i gess she had broak something inside of her i tell you me and Beany felt prety bad and Fatty did when we told him. well then Father and Mister Watson Beanys father told us to go home and go to bed and so we went. so tonite i herd father telling mother about it and he said he give old Jethrow a dresing down that wood tech him not to cheet a boy agen. he said if Jethrow hadent been a old man he wood have nocked his head of.

MAY 22, 186— brite and fair. i shal never own a horse agen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Some Old Doctors

THE oldest physician in Ohio, Dr. Charles Frederic Wullgohs, was practicing his profession a few years ago at the age of ninety five.

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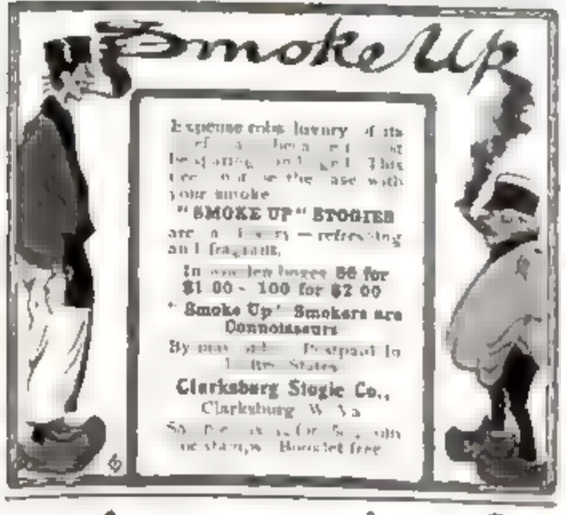

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LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

AN EPIC OF THE NORTH — The Silent Places, by Stewart Edward White, is of the first order of merit.

¶ "A boy's love and a horse's hoof," wrote Shakespeare, seeking symbols of deceit. It is dangerous to make suggestions to Shakespeare, even at this distance, and it is true that local color had not then been invented, but, if it had, he might have added to the series. Nothing tires so quickly, nothing at first sight is more attractive The desire of novelty is always strong and the fulfillment disappointing After reading for a little in Westward Ho of the parrots, and the monkeys, and the snakes, the "tropical luxuriance," and the "strange scarlet flowers," and the "deadly miasmas," it becomes wearisomely evident that all this conscientious description has not an idea or a sentiment behind it, and that the writer who set it down, writing in another book, would set down with equal enthusiasm an equal number of lines describing seals, ice hummocks, walruses and Eskimos.

The passage that follows is also a description, but not the difference in quality It is from The Silent Places, by Stewart Edward White *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*. The story is a mere thread of narrative. An Indian hunter in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company jumps his debt, and the Company, anxious that he should be an example of the right sort, sends out two white trappers, Sam Bolton and Dick Herron, to catch him. They follow him, overtake him, bind him and bring him home. That is all the story. But how it lives! what a battle! this silent, uncompromising conflict with the wilderness and the North. Here is the passage chosen—not as the best in the book, but because, one of many, it seemed to stand alone with the least explanatory assistance:

"Sam Bolton had lived many years in the forest, and many years alone. Therefore he had imagination. It might be of limited quality, but through it he saw things in their essences

"Now, from the safe vantage ground of the camp, from the breathing space before the struggle, he looked out upon the wilderness, and in the wilderness he felt the old inimical Presence as he had felt it for forty years.

The wilderness, calm, ruthless, just, terrible, waited in the shadow of the forest, seeking no combat, avoiding none, conquering with a lofty air of predestination, yielding superbly as though the moment's victory for which a man had strained the fibres of his soul were, after all, a little, unimportant thing; never weary, never exultant, dispassionate, inevitable, mighty, whose emotions were silence, whose speech was silence, whose most terrible weapon was the great white silence that smothered men's spirits. Sam Bolton clearly saw the North"

The Silent Places is Epick Writing, as Stevenson had it—with capitals and a kick to the tail of it—and of the very highest order. Such description as that quoted is not machine-made and laid on over a story that, with a different direction of the author's pen, might perfectly as well have happened in another hemisphere; it is of the North and the North is of it. It breathes the breath of the North and the North lives in it as God breathed upon the mouth of man and "filled his body with life." It has imagination and "sees things in their essences." It has terror and fascination in it, beauty and despair. Not Mr. White's best friend could have judged from his earlier work that there was in him such vision and such a voice. At the risk of working the book a wrong by over praise, it is difficult to resist calling it the best thing of its sort yet done in American letters.

THE TEST — A carefully written novel that ought to win well-informed praise from right-minded readers.

¶ The French, with their turn for apt wording, have a phrase that we lack. They say of a play or a book that wins approval from those qualified to judge but fails of popular enthusiasm that it has a *succès d'estime*. If you are a writer you may do one of three things: you may catch the quality of the hour that beckons to a popular success—and win money and notoriety; or, with a truer instinct for your business and a right knowledge that it has to do not with shining surfaces and bright externalities but with the essences of life, you may deal discreetly with the great forces only shadowed in character and growth—and win a *succès d'estime*; or, careless of approval and disapproval, you may ride down opposition in the middle of the road and, contending with the giants of mortal pass on and divine destiny, take lasting fame for your very own—but to do that you must be a genius.

The Test, by Mary Tappan Wright *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*, will have a *succès d'estime*. It is not a book for light reading, it is not what is somewhat vaguely called "a pleasant book"; but it is well written, carefully considered, skillfully developed, and, in places, delightfully characterized. It ought to offend no honest, healthy-minded reader, despite the dubious ground it skirts, and, lacking genius, it shows decided talent and a rare fidelity to the sincere, less showy traditions of the novel. A novel it surely is—not a piece of gingerbread or a breadth of passementerie. And that in itself is something.

A NEW VOLUME OF SHORT STORIES FROM ROBERT BARR — The best and the worst of them.

¶ It is a curious thing how the artistic temperament harks back. The country a man was born in, that he grew up in, that he grew up into—he never learns another so well There was Stevenson, enamored of the South Seas and delighting in his island life, but writing at the moment of his death a romance of the windy hills and misty moors of Scotland. There was Bret Harte, for the last half of his life living in London, and at work when he died on a story of Colonel Starbottle, one of his earliest characters, in the California of his youth. The list might be multiplied indefinitely, but, for the present instance, here is Robert Barr, for these many years a willing exile, still writing cheerfully of the America he left. Almost without exception the stories comprising his latest volume, The Woman Wins *(The Frederick A. Stokes Company)*, are American in character and setting. Mr. Barr writes a great deal and not always at the same level, but the worst of his stories are sure to be ingenious, the best are of their sort almost flawless, and all are good reading. In the way, particularly, of a sudden thrill a story called The Long-Distance Telephone in the present volume is a masterpiece of the unexpected shiver

CAMPAIGN AMMUNITION FOR BOTH PARTIES — The Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt.

¶ Senator Lodge is President Roosevelt's close personal friend and political counselor, one particularly fitted to write the introduction to the volume of collected Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, now published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. He begins by reminding us of Doctor Johnson's wise saying that no man was ever written down except by himself, and adds "or written up." He goes on—somewhat unfortunately—to explain the "practical disappearance" of the old fashioned campaign life of Presidential candidates such as Hawthorne wrote for Franklin Pierce and Howells for President Hayes, by the wider recognition of Johnson's truth "joined to the further fact that all the incidents, both real and imaginary, in the career of a Presidential candidate are put within every one's reach by the daily newspapers" Now, there are three men of letters who will not take this kindly. Murat Halstead has published a fat quarto Life of Theodore Roosevelt, and Francis Leupp's Roosevelt the Man and Jacob Riis' Roosevelt the Citizen have both passed under review in this column. Surely President Roosevelt is not a happy instance of the decline of the campaign biography. Nevertheless, Senator Lodge is right in quoting Doctor Johnson

He is right, furthermore, in asserting that "this is neither the time nor the place to analyze or criticise these speeches from the point of view of their permanent position as examples of literature or of oratory, or even to attempt to measure the historical value which the coming generations will surely place upon them." Still less is this column the place to argue their present expediency or political wisdom. We shall have abundance of that from the stump. This book is addressed to the voter; let him read and decide for himself.

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Help for the Poor Toad

By RENE BACHE

THE annual value of an every-day hop-toad is reckoned by the Government experts at about forty dollars. It saves that amount of money yearly to the farmers, that is to say, by eating insects which would otherwise devour the growing crops. But, unfortunately, the usefulness of the animal in this regard is so little appreciated that it is a common practice to kill toads and otherwise to misuse them, attributing to them a variety of evil potencies, such as the production of warts on the hands of anybody who touches them, the causing of bloody milk in cows, and the poisoning of infants by their breath.

The Department of Agriculture is about to publish a Toad Book, which will recommend the artificial breeding of these harmless and useful batrachians. A "toadery" is a simple piece of apparatus, easily prepared by supplying a shallow aquarium with plenty of water plants, a few living clams or mussels to keep the water in circulation, and a pair of mating toads. The creatures are fond of powdered dog biscuit and chopped fresh meat, care being taken not to provide more than they will consume, and, if proper pains be given, such a tank will yield in early summer hundreds of small toads for colonizing gardens and farms.

English gardeners often pay as high as twenty-five dollars a hundred for toads for colonizing purposes, but there does not seem to be any quotation on them in this country. They are great destroyers of slugs, weevils, grasshoppers, sow-bugs, and various species of injurious beetles—a fact which ought to be made better known in this country. At Malden, Massachusetts, a collection of valuable orchids was seriously damaged by sow-bugs and "thousand-legs," but a number of toads were introduced, and the injury ceased. The depredations of the common greenhouse weevil in conservatories can be prevented by the aid of these little bug-hunters.

A plan recommended is to provide a breeding-place for toads, and carry them to it at the mating-time, in early spring, so that later in the season the young animals leaving the water may establish themselves in the neighborhood. A shallow pool with a small but constant water supply is all that is needed. Stagnant rather than running water is desirable, inasmuch as the algæ on which the tadpoles feed do not develop so well where there is a current. Besides, stagnant pools usually have a higher temperature, thus favoring the growth of the tadpoles. Mosquitoes might breed in such ponds, but the tadpoles may be expected to keep them down.

When the winter relinquishes its grip the toads awaken from a four months' sleep and begin their annual migration toward the nearest ponds, where a little later is heard the soft, drowsy, musical trilling of the male, described by the naturalist Gibson as "the sweetest sound in nature." The number of the batrachians which in this way seek even a small pool is remarkable; as many as 356 of them were counted on one occasion on the shores of a half-acre pond by Dr. A. S. Kirkland, the author of the forthcoming Toad Book. The tiny black eggs are laid by the females in long "ropes," the gelatinous envelope containing them swelling on coming into contact with the water so as to form a mass many times larger than the body of the parent animal.

The Toad's Many Enemies

In two weeks, or perhaps sooner, the eggs hatch, and the young tadpoles proceed to feed upon the gelatinous envelope, which furnishes them with their first provender. Later they browse on the slimy algæ common to ponds. They grow rapidly, until by June or July the legs develop, the tail is absorbed, and the little toads leave the pool, never to return except for brief visits at the mating season. At this stage of their existence they are delectable morsels for many birds, and were it not for the fact that they are obliged to seek shelter from the heat by day, most of them would be destroyed. As it is, many are devoured by birds and mammals that prowl at night.

There is reason to believe that the toad does not begin to reproduce its species until it is four years old. The number of eggs laid by a mature female is remarkable, records of 7587 and 11,545 eggs obtained from two toads being quoted on the authority of Dr. C. F Hodge, of Clark University. This goes to show that a great majority of the animals do not live to grow up. On the other hand, if not destroyed by enemies they attain a considerable age—probably not less than twenty-five years, and perhaps much more. Doctor Kirkland has personal knowledge of two toads that occupied certain door yards for twelve and twenty-three years respectively. The creature has a strong "homing" instinct, and prefers to stay in the same place rather than to wander

Many stories have been told about toads found embedded in rocks or trees under conditions which indicated that they had been thus buried, though still alive, for hundreds or thousands of years, but none of these "yarns" appear to be indorsed by proper evidence. It is true that M. Herrisant, in 1777, inclosed three of the animals in plaster, placing them in the archives of the French Academy of Sciences, where two of them proved to be living at the end of eighteen months. But in 1817 the experiment was repeated, the plaster blocks being submerged in water, with the result that all of the toads died. Toads can do some breathing through their skin, and plaster is porous, but water cuts off the air supply altogether.

About sundown the toad emerges from its daytime shelter and sallies forth in search of food. In country districts it nightly patrols the roadsides, gardens and cultivated fields—in short, all places where insect life abounds and long grass or herbage does not obstruct its travel. In cities and villages the spots beneath electric lights are particularly favored, because such lights attract large numbers of flying insects, many of which fall injured to the ground below. At Amherst, Massachusetts, Doctor Kirkland once observed eight well-fed toads holding a festival beneath an arc-light. During the flying season of the brown-tail moth in Massachusetts the toads devour immense numbers of the white insects, which drop fluttering from the lamps above

The Toad's Amazing Appetite

The toad is an exceedingly greedy animal. It feeds continuously throughout the night, and in twenty-four hours consumes a quantity of insects equal to about four times its stomach capacity. This has been definitely ascertained by studying the animals confined in cages. Their capacity for good is proportionate to the size of their stomachs and their powers of digestion. In one toad's stomach have been found seventy-seven thousand-leg worms, in another's thirty-seven tent-caterpillars, in another's sixty-five gipsy-moth caterpillars, and in yet another's fifty-five army worms. Thirty large celery caterpillars have been fed to a toad in less than three hours; another has been observed to "snap up eighty-six house-flies in less than ten minutes," while still another swallowed ninety rose-bugs.

Doctor Kirkland reckons that in ninety days (May, June and July) a toad will destroy 9720 injurious insects. Of this number about 2000, perhaps, will be cutworms. Many gardeners give their children one cent for each cutworm found and destroyed, considering this a low estimate of the damage caused by the pest. Even at so nominal a figure, the toad's services on this one item would come to twenty dollars. If other insects which it destroys be added a year's work for one toad would come to at least forty dollars.

Thus it appears that the toad is conspicuously the friend of man, and nothing could be more foolish than the practice of killing these useful animals. Boys are very fond of slaying the innocent batrachians at their breeding pools and elsewhere. Lawn-mowers work great slaughter among them, while the practice of burning over lawns and fields works further massacre, which is largely unnecessary. In addition to man, the toad has numerous natural foes, including hawks, owls, crows, snakes and skunks. Farmyard poultry eat great numbers of young toads as they migrate from the breeding pools.

Scientific examination of some thousands of toads' stomachs has shown that there is hardly an injurious species of insect that is not eaten by them. Some beneficial insects they undoubtedly devour, such as ground-beetles, but these are only a few, relatively speaking. In the cities they eat great numbers of cockroaches, and there is reason to believe that one of the best ways to rid a house of these nuisances is to introduce two or three toads. It is said that once in a while a toad will take up a position at the mouth of a beehive, capturing the bees as they go in and out, but they cannot do much damage in this way, inasmuch as they feed habitually at night, when the honey-gatherers are fast asleep.

As a rule, the toad will eat insects only when they are living and moving. Cutworms, for example, are safe so long as they remain curled up, but as soon as they begin to crawl they are promptly gobbled. The toad's tongue is attached to the front of its mouth and free behind, so as to be whipped out with lightning like rapidity. Doctor Kirkland had a large specimen in a box which was so ravenous that to provide sufficient food for it was quite a task until the expedient was adopted of soaking a bread-crust in molasses and placing it in the improvised cage, to attract flies, beetles and ants The toad would sit motionless beside the bread-crust until an insect came within range, when its tongue would dart out, and the victim, often taken on the wing, would suddenly disappear

His Much-Slandered Name

The common belief that the toad is venomous probably arises from its habit, when disturbed or roughly handled, of ejecting through its skin a peculiar milky fluid of acrid flavor. No harm attends contact with the fluid on the hands, but dogs that attempt to pick up toads in their mouths, as they sometimes do, show signs of discomfort and even distress, evidently caused by the taste of the secretion. That the fluid is not objectionable to all animals is shown by the avidity with which hawks and owls, as well as crows and chickens, capture and eat toads

It is not uncommon to find during the summer certain toads of much brighter colors than their fellows—a phenomenon due to the casting or molting of the skin, which takes place several times annually. Previous to molting the animal seeks shelter and remains quiet for a while. The skin then splits, peels off, being removed by the aid of the forelegs, and is finally eaten by the toad, which soon goes forth clad in fresh garments. In the summer toads live alone, but in winter it is not uncommon to find a dozen or more of them hibernating together under some convenient rock or board. They seek winter quarters early in the autumn, beneath rocks, leaves or rubbish, or in other places where the frost will not be severely felt. It is said that they may be frozen without being killed, and it is not unusual to find toads apparently frozen stiff, though capable of being revived by warmth, some distance below the surface of the soil.

The toad has always borne a burden of false and even ludicrous misrepresentation. Doctor Kirkland says that early writings on the subject teem with vague and absurd fancies of the animal's venomous qualities, its medicinal virtues, and more commonly of the valuable "toadstone," or jewel, to be found in its head. Many a toad has been killed for the purpose of securing this precious jewel, which somehow always turns out to be absent when looked for. Elaborate recipes have been published, describing the proper method of obtaining the much-sought toadstone, which is supposed to possess magical properties. On the other hand, a toad is supposed to bring good fortune to a house in whose new-made cellar it takes up its abode.

Nearly all of the popular notions respecting the toad, including that which accuses it of communicating warts to anybody who handles it, are without any foundation in fact. It can never be an attractive animal, and is undeniably unlovely to the eye. Nature has denied to it the gay colors of bird life, and even the sinuous beauty of some of its reptilian relatives; yet, judged by the standard of good works, it does not suffer by comparison with any of the lower animals.

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Fifty Fathoms Down

(Continued from Page 4)

in his throat, a clattering, rushing, roaring sound in his ears, and a pain in his head such as he had never felt before. Only one sensation could he place—the odor in his nostrils—the astringent action that he knew so well. Then his position and plight came back to him by degrees. His last light had burned out. His air plant was still working, but the poisonous gas was escaping. How, and why?

He reached out, felt the supporting column of the engine, and located himself; then he crawled to the different parts of his pipe and fan system, inspecting them by the sense of touch. Everything was as he had left it—the wires still fed bubbles into the pipe to the upper fan, the last fan still caught the air as it rose from the acid, and sent it over the motor. Perhaps the motor would now work the pump. He found the switch and controller in the darkness, turned on the current, and felt his way back. The armature was turning—just a little faster than before. Shutting off the current, he coupled on the pump, and again gave power to the motor, only to find that the pump stopped it. The solid, inert, incompressible water in the induction pipe could not be stirred. Yet there was power in the motor; he had tried to stop the armature with his hands, but could not. Two men could not—nor three, by the way it felt. If he could multiply that power. If he could give it purchase. If the water were more yielding—compressible—so that the motor, once started, would go on. Compressible, like air

Air—compressible air. He had too much air—bad air, too. It gave him the pain in his head and the roaring in his ears. Crawling forward as far as he could go he found a sweeter atmosphere, and thought it out There was little logic or coherency in his thoughts; he only wanted to devise means to get rid of that poisonous flow of gas, which came from—he knew not what defect in his apparatus, but which he could only stop by stopping the supply of oxygen. The air compressor motor was burned out, otherwise he could pump air into any of the tanks, and outboard when the pressure was great enough. Could he turn that rotary bilge pump into an air pump? Could he make an aperture in the induction pipe above the water? Crawling aft into the stifling atmosphere near the motor he found an elbow in the induction pipe made up of a T-joint and a plug. Securing a wrench that fitted, he removed the plug and laid it on the motor bed. Then he turned on the current, assured himself that the motor was turning over, and crawled forward out of the fumes. Here he remained, and after a long time, when a new sound as of the clapping of an outlet valve came to his burdened ears over the uproar, he shouted approval, and again was happy. He was pumping bad air out of the boat, and all was well with him. He was not even hungry, nor thirsty; but, after a time, when the clapping of that valve in the outlet pipe had become a familiar sound, and his head had stopped aching, he felt somewhat sleepy; and as the pile of machinery on which he lay was a hard bed, he crawled aft a little, where the greasy oilcloth flooring was softer. He went to sleep here, face upward, directly beneath the conning-tower hatch

Years, generations, centuries passed while he lay there, and he wakened once or twice in a decade, listened to a far-away roaring sound punctuated by the clapping of a valve, and went to sleep again. He wasted no energy in thinking about these sounds; they were the only sounds in the universe, and beyond his care and control. But at last a new sensation came to him: one that affected not his ears, nor his organs of taste or smell; these were dead, killed long ago by that terrible, blistering gas. The sense of touch was lost in the all-pervading pain that saturated his whole body. The sense of light was but a memory, lost in the darkness that had engulfed him with the burning out of the last bulb. But now, as he lay there on his back, the sense of light and sight seemed returning. Through his half-closed eyelids a dim glimmer of yellow and gray came into his brain. He opened them wide, and took in the details of the conning-tower ladder, the circular tower just above, and an occasional flickering image of the starboard deadlight moving up and down, back and forth, on the port inner surface of the tower. Light! Where did it come from? He arose painfully to his feet, and fell down. The boat was in motion, pitching somewhat, and rolling—ever so slowly, while water still washed around among the battery jars. He arose again, supporting himself by the ladder; the motor, dimly showing in the gray light, was spinning rapidly, the fans were still buzzing, the outlet valve still clapping at regular and more frequent intervals. The boat was afloat. He slowly climbed the ladder, found the hatch unscrewed—unconfined from within—exactly as he had left it ages before when he had fallen, half drowned, from the ladder Exerting all his strength, he pushed upward, but could not budge it. The outlook was gray through the deadlights, and only as she rolled did the occasional glimmer of yellow light come in from to starboard. She was on the surface, but with the top of her conning tower awash—all below it buried. Even had he succeeded in opening the hatch against the slight weight of water sliding over it, he would only have swamped the boat, and gone down again to another eternity. He looked at the motor, buzzing noisily, and working a rotary pump that pumped—air.

Weakly and painfully he descended and crawled aft into the blistering fumes to where he had left the T joint plug and the wrench; and without waiting to stop the motor he turned that air pump back into a bilge pump, heard the gurgling sound of water in the pipe that accompanied the last few heaves he gave to the wrench, and crawled forward to where the air burned and choked him—just a little—less. Here he waited, listening to the new cadence and slower rhythm of that clapping outlet valve, and the blessed sound of gurgling water in the pipe, while the light above grew stronger, and the growing hope of life in his heaving breast strove vainly to formulate itself into words of prayer to pass his cracked and bleeding lips. Then the buzzing of fans and motor softened, the rhythmic cadence of the clapping valve lessened and lowered, the gurgling sound of water ceased, and, though the fans still whirled slowly, the pumping came to an end. The 3600 ampere-hour battery was exhausted; but the work was done

Breen again climbed the ladder and pushed upward on the hatch. It yielded, and when the lifting spring was past the centre it flew upright. Raising his head and shoulders through the opening, he looked across a dark, heaving sea at a full moon hanging above the horizon. He had seen it last a month before.

And the air that he took into his poisoned lungs cut like myriad knives of ice.

. . .

Three members of the Board of Inquiry, that later exonerated Breen from misuse of Government property, met at the Army and Navy Club long before he was able to answer questions, and unofficially discussed him. One was a captain, another a surgeon, and a third an engineer who was also a naval constructor and an electrical expert

"One thing we'll have to find, surely," said the captain; "that is, that the course in chemistry at Annapolis is not thorough. I passed in the subject; but what did I know? What do I know now? Who but a specialist like Breen could save the boat and his life in that manner—if he did save his life. How about that, Doctor?"

"He'll pull through," said the doctor. "His hair will turn dark again, and the wrinkles will go in time. Lord, how he looked; sixty years old, gray-haired and emaciated. Shows what an excess of oxygen will do, even diluted with all those poisonous gases. His lungs and throat are just so much raw meat."

"But it's funny," said the engineer. "No one can deny Breen's knowledge of chemistry—that's understood. Yet—he was in my class, you know—Breen just pulled through his exams.—by the skin of his teeth. Chemical symbols were worse than Greek to him, and chemical equations a deep, dark mystery And yet, down there at the bottom, he took a chance that nothing but utter desperation would induce me to take, and made a discovery in chemical reactions not down in any textbook and never announced by any one that I know of."

"What chance? What discovery?"

"Well, this. Electrolysis of water is easy, as we all know, and the product is oxygen and hydrogen, which can be breathed for a time; but it is an explosive mixture that would have blown him to eternity had enough of it touched a spark from either of those three fans."

"But the commutators were inclosed."

"Yes, but that was his chance, nevertheless. Here is another. He turned both wires

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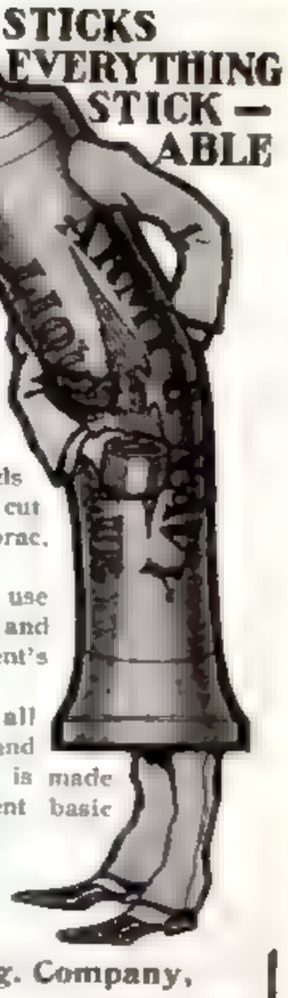

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into the pipe leading into his fan system. He was evolving large quantities of chlorine gas from the salt in the water, and this is equally explosive when in contact with hydrogen, not only from sparks but from strong light. Now, he was in pitch darkness, of course, and every pipe feed led directly in front of the next fan, so that the mixed gases did not touch the sparks and explode. But what he risked was the poisoning effect of that free chlorine before he made his discovery."

"And it did poison him," said the surgeon. "Ripped his mucous membrane to shreds and smithereens. But what did he discover?"

"That hydrogen and chlorine gas, mixed in utter darkness and violently agitated, will combine without explosion into hydrochloric acid gas. Water takes up 450 volumes of this gas, but only two and a half volumes of free chlorine and less of hydrogen. His discovery saved his life."

"But," said the captain dryly, "he made a much greater practical demonstration. He has proved that men may safely be ejected from torpedo tubes, that a Whitehead will support two men in the water, and that the man left to die can turn into gas and expel by the bilge pumps the weight of water that holds down the boat. How much — in this case? Did you figure it out?"

"About a pint," said the engineer.

News at the Front

IT IS hard to imagine that we know much more of what is happening in the Far Eastern War than does the war correspondent at the front. He sees but one aspect of the war, while we gather our information from many sources, all of which contribute to the complete story. It is probable that the correspondent at Seoul may not hear of an attack on Port Arthur until many days after the general reading public hears of it. This may seem incredible, but the following instance shows how possible it is for such a condition to exist.

The naval battle of Santiago occurred on July 3, yet Admiral Dewey and his men did not hear of it until July 17, two weeks after it had taken place. At that time news from the outside world came to Manila only by boat from Hongkong.

On July 2 a boat left Hongkong with dispatches up to that day. One dispatch briefly told of a great land battle near Santiago and it said the Americans lost a thousand men. Furthermore it said that Miles was considering the advisability of reembarking the American troops until reenforcements came. Another dispatch said that Admiral Camara with a fleet of battleships and cruisers had entered Suez Canal on his way to meet Dewey in the Far East.

Then followed an anxious period of waiting. The fleet mentally pictured the sad reverse of our arms in Cuba and could see day after day the great Spanish fleet forging nearer and nearer to us. A week of absolute silence followed — a week during which the tension between the Germans in Manila Bay and our forces had approached very close to the breaking point. Another week passed, and the nerves of every man were simply twitching. On the seventeenth the Japanese cruiser Naniwa appeared in Boca Chica and two hours later had sent the late mail and dispatches to the American flagship for distribution. Very soon afterward a wigwag man climbed up on the forward turret of the Olympia and began to signal. With intense interest was spelled out the words, "Sampson has sunk the entire Cervera fleet at Santiago with a loss of only one man." It would be impossible to describe the paroxysm of joy that swept through the American fleet.

THE CLAM BAKE

(Concluded from Page 5)

came the clams themselves, eaten from the shell with melted butter poured from little pitchers setting at each man's elbow. And to wash all this down there was beer, amber-hued and cold, beer in unlimited quantities, served by watchful Ganymedes who, as soon as a glass was set down even partly emptied, replaced it with a fresh one. Under conditions like these the drink of the masses becomes nectar of the gods.

Let no man say how much he can eat until he has been properly urged. Some think the cunningly graded courses of French cookery mark the acme of gastronomical provocation; but personal emulation is a greater spur.

Æsthetes say what you will, few pleasures can compare with the sense of physical repletion that follows a satisfactory meal. The fat elevator man pushed back his plate and straightened up with a sigh of perfect content.

"Full?" queried a friend on the opposite side of the table.

"Up to de neck!"

"Aw, yer only think y'are. Here, help me out with this other ear of corn. Gee! but it's sweet. Jes' try 't."

The elevator man eyed his friend enviously and started to shake his head. Then he hesitated, unbuttoned the waistband of his trousers, drew a long breath, and, apparently satisfied with the results, reached across and accepted the offering.

Others had preceded me from the table, so that I did not feel conspicuous in leaving at that time. Selecting a spot beneath the trees well sodded and shaded, I lighted a cigar and reclined flat on my back, in a position, as the physical culturists put it, of complete devitalization. Oh, but it felt good to lie that way! The only appropriate finish to a clam bake is a perfecto and a couch in the shade.

On the other side of my tree a small group began to gather, and presently I heard a voice I recognized as that of the Boss.

"I'm sorry I can't gratify you, Bowman," said he. "I've been trying all afternoon to muster resolution to tell you. Rudder has been waiting longer than you, and he has first claim. Be patient, my boy, and you'll fare just as well in the end. We haven't forgotten how you downed them in the Third."

"Yes, and I can do it again," replied another voice, evidently that of a younger man. "I don't want you to think I'm in the game only for what I expect to get out of it. The success of the party means more to me than any personal gain, and if you give Rudder the nomination I know it is because you think he deserves it more than I."

"That's the way I like to hear a young man talk, Bowman. Oh, you won't suffer by this; never fear. Here comes Rudder now; I'll call him over and tell him that you withdraw in his favor."

Perhaps I had no business listening to this conversation, but the circumstances forbade leaving the spot, and, since it was impossible to shut my ears without moving, I had no choice. What they said, moreover, was more than a little interesting, because "Rudder" was my friend, the district president.

"Rudder," said the Boss, "put it there! You've pulled off this bake like a veteran. I want to thank you."

The district president's reply was inaudible, but the rest of the group murmured their approval of the leader's sentiments.

"Now, Rudder," he continued, "you aren't one of those fellows who are always hunting for a job. You do your work and let the job hunt you. That's why we're going to make you supervisor. Hey, boys?"

"Sure! Sure!" they chorused.

"It's a little early to make up slates yet, but if you want the nomination it's yours."

"If the party thinks I deserve it," answered the district president modestly, "I accept with thanks."

"And the nomination means election this year if it ever did," remarked another, who seemed one of those in authority. "I never knew things to be running so smoothly. When we stand together they just can't beat us. And there are other things outside that make me sure we'll win. Perhaps most of you haven't heard —— But come a little closer; I shouldn't want this generally known."

As the circle closed about the speaker, whose tones had dropped to a cautious whisper, my tardy conscience asserted itself. With a sigh I laboriously arose and, leaving the conclave to its secrets, joined the procession that was beginning to loiter along the road leading back to the trolley.

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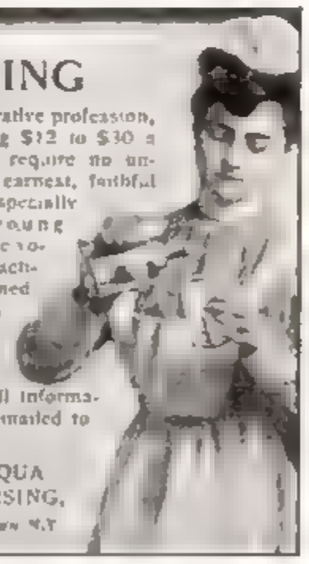

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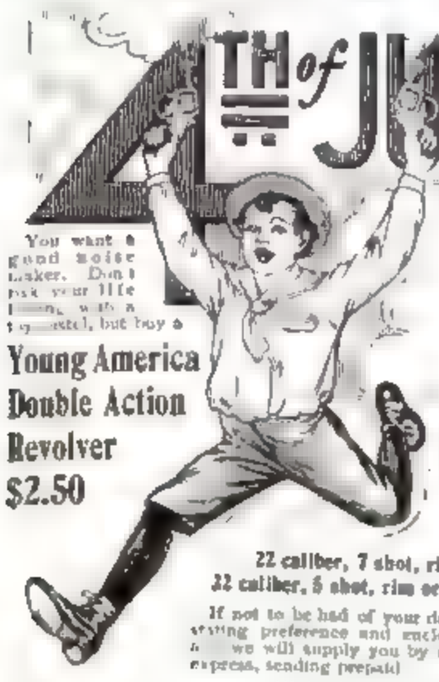
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The Mystery of the Five Hundred Diamonds

(Continued from Page 7)

the lid, and displayed that accursed necklace. I looked up at the man, who stood there calmly enough, saying nothing, in spite of the overwhelming evidence against him.

"Will you oblige me by removing those false whiskers?"

He did so at once, throwing them into the open bag. I knew the moment I saw him that he was not the American, and thus my theory had broken down, in one very important part at least. Informing him who I was, and cautioning him to speak the truth, I asked how he came in possession of the jewels.

"Am I under arrest?" he asked.

"But certainly," I replied.

"Of what am I accused?"

"You are accused, in the first place, of having in your possession property which does not belong to you."

"I plead guilty to that. What in the second place?"

"In the second place you may find yourself accused of murder."

"I am innocent of the second charge. The man jumped overboard."

"If that is true, why did he scream as he went over?"

"Because, too late to recover his balance, I seized this box and held it."

"He was in rightful possession of the box, the owner gave it to him."

"I admit that: I saw the owner give it to him."

"Then why should he jump overboard?"

"I do not know. He seemed to become panic-stricken when the police at the last lock ordered us to return. He implored the captain to put him ashore, and from that moment I watched him keenly, expecting that if we drew near to the land he would attempt to escape, as the captain had refused to beach the launch. He remained quiet for about half an hour, seated on a camp-chair by the rail, with his eyes turned toward the shore, trying, as I imagined, to penetrate the darkness and estimate the distance. Then suddenly he sprang up and made his dash. I was prepared, and instantly caught the box in his hand. He gave a half turn, trying either to save himself or to retain the box, then with a scream went down shoulders first into the water. It all happened within a second after he leaped from his chair."

"You admit yourself, then, indirectly responsible for his drowning, at least?"

"I see no reason to suppose the man was drowned. If able to swim he could easily have reached the river bank. If unable to swim why should he attempt it encumbered by the box?"

"You believe he escaped, then?"

"I think so."

"It will be lucky for you should that prove to be the case."

"Certainly."

"How did you come to be in the yacht at all?"

"I shall give you a full account of the affair, concealing nothing. I am a private detective with an office in London. I was certain that some attempt would be made by probably the most expert criminals at large to rob the possessor of this necklace. I came over to Paris, anticipating trouble, determined to keep an eye upon the jewel-case if this proved possible. If the jewels were stolen the crime was bound to be one of the most celebrated in legal annals. I was present during the sale, and saw the buyer of the necklace. I followed the official who went to the bank, and thus learned that the money was behind the check. I then stopped outside and waited for the buyer to appear. He had the case in his hand."

"In his pocket, you mean," I interrupted.

"He had it in his hand when I saw him. Then the man who afterward jumped overboard approached him, took the case without a word, held up his hand for a cab, and when an open vehicle approached the curb he stepped in, saying, 'The Madeleine.' I hailed a closed cab, instructed the cabman to follow the first, disguising myself with whiskers as near like those of the man in front as I had in my collection."

"Why did you do that?"

"As a detective you should know why I did it. I wished as nearly as possible to resemble the man in front, so that if necessity arose I could pretend that I was the person

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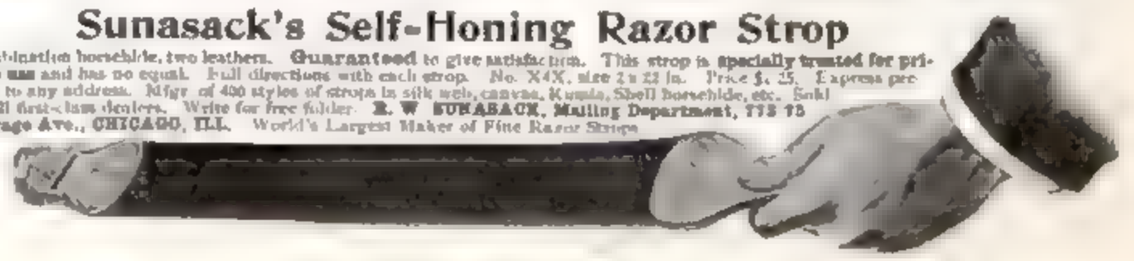

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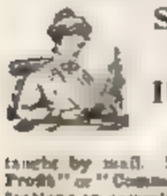

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commissioned to carry the jewel case. As a matter of fact, the crisis arose when we came to the end of our cab journey. The captain did not know which was his true passenger, and so let us both aboard the launch. And now you have the whole story.'

'An extremely improbable one, sir. Even by your own account you had no right to interfere in this business at all.'

'I quite agree with you there,' he replied with great nonchalance, taking a card from his pocketbook, which he handed to me. '"That is my London address; you may make inquiries and you will find I am exactly what I represent myself to be.'

The first train for Paris left Meulan at eleven minutes past four in the morning. It was now a quarter after two. I left the captain, crew and launch in charge of two of my men with orders to proceed to Paris as soon as it was daylight. I, supported by the third man, waited at the station with our English prisoner, and reached Paris at half past five in the morning.

The English prisoner, though severely interrogated by the judge, stood by his story. Inquiry of the police in London proved that what he said of himself was true. His case, however, began to look very serious when two of the men from the launch asserted that they had seen him push the Frenchman overboard, and their statement could not be shaken. All our energies were bent for the next two weeks trying to find something of the identity of the missing man, or to get any trace of the two Americans. If the tall American were alive it seemed incredible that he should not have made application for his missing property. All attempts to trace him by means of the check on the Credit-Lyonnais proved futile. The bank pretended to give me every assistance, but I sometimes doubt if it actually did so. It had evidently been well paid for its services, and had no desire to betray so good a customer.

We made inquiries about every missing man in Paris, but also without result.

The case had excited much attention throughout the world, and doubtless was published in full in the American papers. The Englishman had been in custody three weeks when the chief of police of Paris received the following letter:

Dear Sir: On my arrival in New York by the English steamer Lucania I was much amused to read in the papers accounts of the exploits of detectives, French and English. I am sorry that only one of them seems to be in prison; I think his French confrère ought to be there, also. I regret exceedingly, however, that there is the rumor of the death by drowning of my friend Eugène Dubois, of 375 Rue aux Juifs, Rouen. If this is indeed the case he has met his death through the blunders of the police. Nevertheless, I wish you would communicate with his family at the address I have given, and assure them that I will make arrangements for their future support.

I may say that I am a manufacturer of imitation diamonds, and through extensive advertising have accumulated a fortune of many millions. I was in Europe when the necklace was found, and had in my possession over a thousand imitation diamonds of my own manufacture. It occurred to me that here was the opportunity for the most magnificent advertisement in the world. I saw the necklace, received its measurements, and also obtained photographs of it taken by the French Government. Then I set my expert friend Eugène Dubois at work, who made an imitation necklace so closely resembling the original that you apparently do not know it is the unreal you have in your possession. I was not nearly so much afraid of the villainy of the crooks as of the blundering of the police, who would have protected me with brass band vehemence if I could not elude them. I knew that the detectives would overlook the obvious, but would at once follow a clew if I provided one for them. Consequently, I laid my plans, just as you have discovered, and got Eugène Dubois up from Rouen to carry the case I gave him down to Havre. I had had another box prepared and wrapped in brown paper with my address in New York written thereon. The moment I emerged from the auction-room, while my friend the cowboy was holding up the audience, I turned my face to the door, took out the genuine necklace from the case, and slipped it into the box I had prepared for mailing. Into the genuine case I put the bogus diamonds. After handing the box to Dubois I turned down a side street, and then into another whose name I do not know, and there, in a shop, with sealing-wax and string, did up my packet for posting. I labeled the

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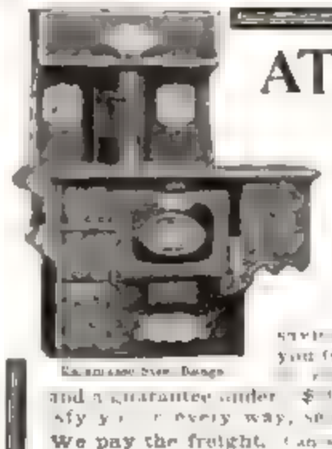

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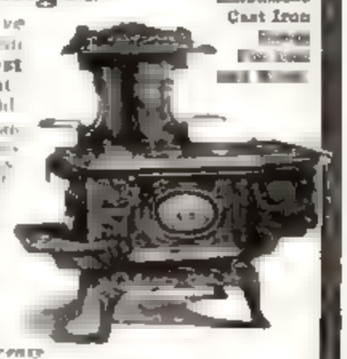

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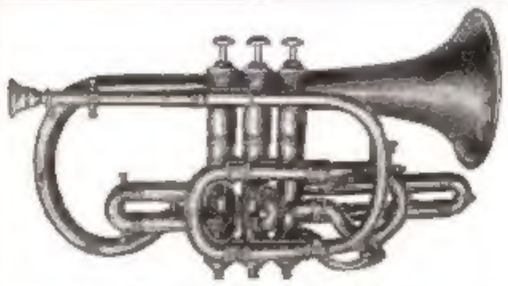

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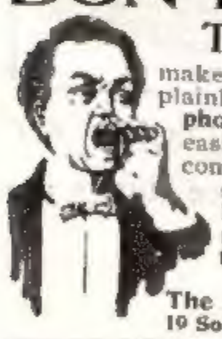

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package "Books," went to the nearest post-office, paid letter postage, and handed it over unregistered as if it were of no particular value. After this I went to my rooms in the Grand Hotel where I had been staying under my own name for more than a month. Next morning I took train for London, and the day after sailed from Liverpool on the Lucania. I arrived before the Gascoigne, which sailed from Havre on Saturday, met my box at the customs house, paid duty, and it now reposes in my safe. I intend to construct an imitation necklace which will be so like the genuine one that nobody can tell the two apart, and then I shall come to Europe and exhibit the pair, for the publication of the truth of this matter will give me the greatest advertisement that ever was.

Yours truly,
JOHN P. HAZARD.

I at once communicated with Rouen and found Eugène Dubois all right. He had swum ashore, tramped to Rouen, and kept quiet in great fear as to what would happen.

It was several years later when Mr. Hazard took passage with the two necklaces on the ill-fated steamer Bourgogne, and he now rests beside them at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Via Dolorosa

By J. W. Foley

I have tasted bitter sorrow; I have drunk the cup of anguish;
I have trod the ways of darkness; I have known the depths of woe;
I have nursed a broken spirit; felt the hope of Heaven languish
In my bosom, and have gone my way with listless tread and slow;
I have bowed my head all humbly under blows of Fate's decreeing;
I have felt the clouds of gloom descend and cloak me like a pall;
But I never knew a sorrow like that of my youthful being
When I had to mind the baby while the boys were playing ball!

Through the window at my elbow I could see them come together,
Lads from all about the neighborhood, and "choose up" side and side;
Balmy air and floods of sunshine spread a golden spell of weather
On the landscape as the gathered lads through wet lids I espied.
Ah, the yearning that half led me to forsake the child before me,
The madness that raged in me when I sought to still its squall,
The simoon, the sirocco, the tornado that swept o'er me
Of hot wrath when I kept baby and the boys were playing ball!

To my ears came sounds of cheering. Ah, beatitude Elysian
Of the lads who struggled hotly for the sadly needed score!
Through the window I might watch them, with a fixed and eager vision,
While the baby slipped down from me and cried loudly on the floor.
"One ahead now!" "Who?" "The Tigers!" Hip, hurrah! In frenzied gladness
I pounded on the baby's chest to mark our rivals' fall;
But ah, my joy, how tempered with the heart's unconquered sadness:
For I was minding baby while the boys were playing ball!

Break me on the wheel of torture—thus I prayed in my deep sorrow;
Rend my flesh with heated pincers! Bid me supperless to bed!
Lay up toil without remitting to be done by me to-morrow!
Visit punishment unceasing on my bowed and humbled head!
Flog me in the gloomy woodshed till the arm grows weary o'er it!
I will bear it like a martyr, nor will I complain at all!
But as you love me, mother, on my knees I do implore it:
Don't make me mind the baby when the boys are playing ball!

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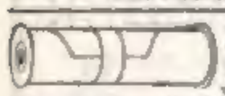

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HURRICANE ISLAND

(*Continued from Page 11*)

place, there was the mystery behind the chief mutineer. What ailed him that he had made no attack on our weak garrison? And had the deviation of the yacht's cruise been an adequate reason for leaving the strong-room untouched? Again, when he had offered terms had he not known that we could not accept them, and why had he conducted himself with such easy insolence as to prevent us from accepting them had we been disposed to do so? This problem frankly baffled me. But the other thought was more consolatory. I was convinced that Legrand was not much injured, and I guessed that he was shamming. That he had winked at me to convey his real case seemed obvious. My heart rose at the thought, for it had been downcast, Heaven knows. But it was something to feel that we had allies forward, in the heart of the enemy, even if they were at present under hatches. I had faith, somehow, in Legrand, a silent, forcible man; and I entered the staterooms with cheerfulness.

Oddly enough, the note with which I was received bore some relation to that cheerfulness, for I was admitted to the tune of tremulous laughter. It was Ellison who let me in, but the laughter did not proceed from him. Half-way down the corridor was Sir John in conversation with mademoiselle.

"Managed it, then, Phillimore? Good for you," he said with amiable patronage. "I thought it was all up when I heard that shot. But mademoiselle put her money on you."

"Ah, was I not right?" she asked archly in her pretty English. "I know the doctor. He is an old friend of mine."

She was dressed in a smart morning gown, somewhat open at the throat, and her admirable voice seemed to encompass us in its sympathy. One could not but feel pleased and flattered by her faith. I smiled.

"I am glad to say that Legrand's safe, but *hors de combat*," I went on. "Perhaps not for long. We may have a surprise in store for us. At any rate, Holgate does not know everything. He's a little too clever, to my mind."

"Oh, I wish they were all hanged, and dead!" broke out mademoiselle with an impatient gesticulation.

"They will be in due time," said Barraclough.

"Tell me, Sir John, tell me, Doctor, is there any danger?" she asked vivaciously.

Sir John was ever deliberate, and I anticipated him.

"None, or very little at present, I think."

"Ah!" she beamed on us both. "Then you shall have time to play with me. Do you play breedge, Sir John?"

I turned away, for it was time to relieve Lane in the saloon.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Our Darlings

By Edwin L. Sabin

Yes, this is little baby May;
Her nose, you see, is retroussé.
I feel so bad for Mrs. Rugg—
Her baby's nose is awful *pug!*

When I told Willie not to toot
He said, "Shut up!"—was that not cute?
The precious! But I dare assert
You'll never find the darling *pert.*

Oh, Jamie breaks them, every one.
So mischievous, and full of fun!
We'd rather have him that way, far,
Than *naughty*, as *some* children are.

The *slender* girl is Isabel;
We think her quite spirituelle.
The other one is Susie Hatch;
She just as *thin* as any *match.*

Dear Harold's such an *active* child;
High-strung, as Doctor Knowing styled.
He's never still. ('Twixt you and me,
It's better that than *fidgety.*)

With callers Lulu (little mite!)
Does most the talking—she's so *bright!*
A *forward* child, tho', I would state,
We both of us abominate.

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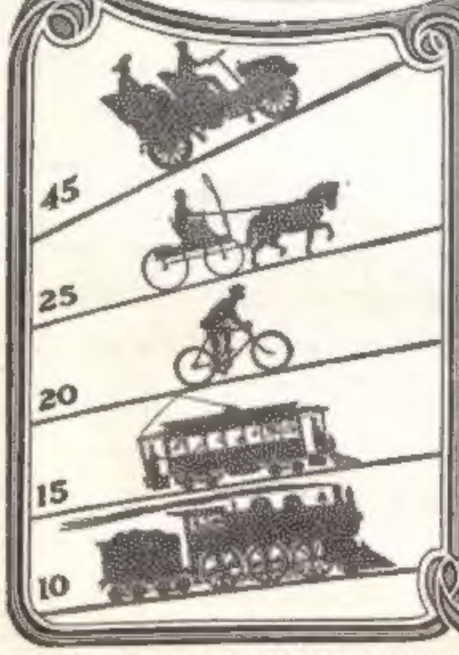

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